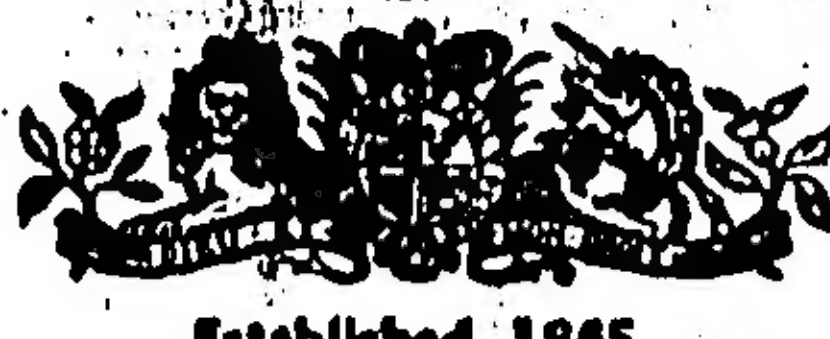


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COMMENT OF THE DAY

HK Trade Unions

It is patently clear from the annual report of the Registrar of Trade Unions, published this week, that trade unionism in Hong Kong is only very slowly progressing towards a status that is as necessary as it is desirable.

One of the more manifest shortcomings is the administrative inefficiency from which several of the unions suffer; another is factional disputes; a third financial inability or unwillingness to employ qualified persons to keep union accounts.

There are disabilities which must be mitigated severely against the proper functioning of unions and even more against the interests of their members. The conclusion is to be drawn is that many union officials need much careful training and advice before they can claim to be carrying out their duties in a satisfactory manner.

The Registrar's report is properly sympathetic towards those unions which continue to experience considerable difficulty in understanding the full legal requirements imposed on their organisations, and the department can be commended for the manner in which it has helped, and is willing to help, those union officials who need guidance in the proper fulfilment of their duties. The responsibility becomes a heavy one when, for example, it is found that some officers are not even engaged in the industry with which the union is associated.

The Registrar's report notes that the administration of some unions is somewhat irresponsible. Nevertheless, it is encouraging to know that there are trade unions in the Colony which, if not meriting the description of model, have organised themselves along acceptable lines and do their best to fulfil their legal obligations. This suggests that if trade unions here could free themselves of political influences, they could in the normal course of time become responsible and effective guardians of their members' rights and interests.

Unfortunately the political aspects of trade unionism continue to impede progress of these organisations along approved and desired lines, and only qualified satisfaction can be derived from the knowledge that to date the political elements in the unions have not been militantly obtrusive.

HAMMARSKJOLD WARNS

Deteriorating Situation In Middle East

New York, Sept. 28. Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjold warned today that the Palestine ceasefire may "become a dead letter" unless Israel and her Arab neighbours end their border bickering.

Hammarskjold issued his warning in a report to the United Nations Security Council on the deteriorating Holy Land situation, punctuated during the last month by an upsurge of border clashes between Israel and Jordan.

He said the quiet established in Palestine by the ceasefire he concluded between Israel and her Arab neighbours last April "has not had the much needed support from developments toward a better general atmosphere which positive initiatives taken by the parties would have helped to bring about."

The Suez Dispute

Council To Meet Oct 5

New York, Sept. 28.

The United Nations Security Council will meet again next Friday to begin substantive debate on the Suez Canal question, it was officially announced today.

Mr Arkady Sobolev, the Soviet delegate, gave a hint on Wednesday that Mr Dmitri Shepilov, the Soviet Foreign Minister, might travel to New York for the Suez debate. But there was still no definite news that Mr Shepilov would be present.

So far there has been a substantive discussion in the Council regarding the Suez Canal. The proceedings on Wednesday were confined solely to the issue of approving the agenda.

Britain, France, Australia, and Belgium all abstained on the question of inserting the Egyptian item. But the other seven members of the Council, including the United States, voted for the inclusion of both complaints.—Reuter.

Miners Trapped

Calcutta, Sept. 28.

Rescue operations were going on today to rescue some 40 Indian miners trapped in a flooded coal mine 150 miles from Calcutta.

The surface of the mine caved in yesterday, trapping the men underground.—France-Press.

NOW IT'S A CANAL USERS TRADE UNION

London, Sept. 28.

Mr Harold Watkinson, Britain's Minister of Transport, in a statement to shipping correspondents tonight said the Suez Canal users body would in no sense be "an instrument of aggression" against Egypt.

"It is a sensible and practical way of protecting the international interests of its members," he said.

Mr Watkinson termed it a kind of "canal users trade union." Among its immediate tasks would be consideration of what method of payment of dues would best secure the legitimate rights of canal users.

PILOTAGE SERVICES

It would also have to be ready to help by offering pilotage services or otherwise to ensure the canal's continued use at maximum efficiency.

"The association will also have to plan what we should do if the operation of the canal is interrupted," Mr Watkinson said.

The Minister emphasised that a mass diversion of ships round the Cape of Good Hope would only be possible at the cost of a heavy price to most countries, particularly in the loss of oil supplies. This in turn would limit oil production in Middle East countries.—Reuter.

China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are some of today's feature highlights:

P. 5: Russell Spurr reports a war which Nehru doesn't want the world to know about.

P. 6: The astonishing man who'll give Princess Margaret a brooch, Merrick Wynn goes to Africa to interview Dr John Williamson, the fabulous diamond king, if the British Colonial Secretary, Baron, the photographer personally, begins a two-part flashback profile of an unusual personality who died recently.

P. 7: Sir Beverley Baxter, MP, writes about opera night in Italy.

P. 8: Gambling with Power in Stalin's Empire, by Julius Gould. A Show of Spirit by Miss Ekberg, by Logan Gourlay.

P. 13: Krishna Menon, the man who loves to talk—what will be his impact on the Suez crisis? by Les Armour. William Hickey.

Cartoons by Giles, Cummings, Low, Osbert Lancaster, Book and record reviews, Parade.

For First Time

Marcoule, France, Sept. 28.

France's No. 1 industrial atomic power station here today produced electricity from nuclear energy for the first time in west continental Europe, the French Atomic Energy Commission and the French Electricity Board announced.—Reuter.

ALLEGED SPIES
London, Sept. 28.
Moscow Radio reported today that Polish authorities had discovered a group of British spies working in Poland to get secret economic and military information.—Reuter.

BIG OPERATION AGAINST TERRORISTS BEGINS

Ipo, Malaya, Sept. 28.
Security forces today mounted a big drive against two Communist terrorist gangs operating in hilly jungle country near Ipo.

Four Royal Air Force Lincoln bombers dropped 41,000 pounds of bombs on 21 selected targets within a six square mile area, a government spokesman said.

Guns of "E" troop, 100th Medium Regiment, Royal Artillery, fired 10,000 pounds of shells at the targets, the spokesman said.

About 500 heavily armed men from the First Battalion, the Malay Regiment, the Commonwealth 22nd Special Air Services Regiment and Home Guard and police units surrounded the operational area.

The spokesman said the troops would later move in for a follow-up.—Reuter.

Beaten Up By Police After Poznan Riots

Poznan, Sept. 28.

A 20-year-old youth told a packed court here today that police beat him with rods and dashed his head against a wall after arresting him for his alleged part in the Poznan riots on June 28.

The youth, Stanislaw Kaufmann, is on trial with eight others accused of stealing arms and firing at security police headquarters in the riots.

A State prosecutor told Reuter that policemen responsible for ill-treating prisoners arrested after the fighting would stand trial in the next few days. Usually well-informed sources said October 5 or 6 was the probable date.

Kaufmann said his beating up took place in a police station a few days after the riots. Police hit him in the face with rods, knocked him down, punched and kicked him all over, and dragged him downstairs by the hair, he said.

Others accused with Kaufmann painted a vivid picture of the drama and violence of the riots which raged through this western Polish industrial town, claiming 53 dead and about 200 wounded.

ARMED SIEGE

They told how crowds shouted: "Away with the Russians!" thrust the city gates and laid arms siege to the security police headquarters, machine-gunning it from a captured army tank.

MPs' "Lift Ban" Request

London, Sept. 28.

The "Movement for Colonial Freedom", which is sponsored by 107 Labour Party members of Parliament, today asked the Colonial Secretary, Mr Alan Lennox-Boyd, to lift the ban on certain organisations in Singapore and to revoke the detention and banishment orders against arrested persons.

The Movement's letter said that "we recognise the Council of Ministers in Singapore has made a decision and that it is responsible to the people of Singapore, but we find it difficult to believe that this would have been done without some pressure from and endorsement by the British Colonial Office who, in the negotiations of May, 1956, insisted on retaining control of internal security in Singapore."

"We therefore hope that the ban on the organisations will be lifted and the banishment and detention orders against the arrested persons be cancelled unless evidence can be produced against them in a fair and public trial," the letter concluded.—France-Press.

SMOKING AND CANCER LINK ESTABLISHED

New York, Sept. 28.

The New York World-Telegram and Sun said tonight that the final report of the American Cancer Society will clearly affirm that a link exists between lung cancer and cigarette smoking.

The report, said the newspaper, would mark the end of four years of research undertaken by various scientific institutes in the United States.

It would state that: 1. Lung cancer strikes people who smoke a packet of cigarettes a day ten times more often than those who do not smoke at all. 2. The death rate is higher among smokers than non-smokers for illnesses in general, including heart diseases.

3. Links appear to exist between the moderate use of

cigarettes and forms of cancer other than lung cancer.

4. Links also appear to exist between the frequent use of cigarettes and other illnesses such as gastric ulcers.—France-Press.

Mr Nowakowski said investigations showed irregularities occurred only in the early stages of some cases and could have no influence on the material on which the present proceedings were based.—Reuter.

Truck Ambushed

Nicosia, Sept. 28.

Cyprus terrorists tonight ambushed a truck reported to be carrying members of the Women's Voluntary Services and killed two Britons.

One was a British officer. The other was identified officially only as a "British civilian." Two other soldiers were wounded.—Reuter.

Plaster Kills Child

Keighley, England, Sept. 28.

Little Howard Coppock, so keen to start school that his parents allowed him to begin three months before his fifth birthday, was killed today by plaster falling from the ceiling at an infants school near here.—China Mail Special.

Monsoon Signal

The strong monsoon signal (the black bull) was hoisted at 7.30 a.m. today.

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Matsumoto's Successful Mission

Russians Make An Important Concession

Moscow, Sept. 28.

The Soviet government agreed today to allow Japan to raise territorial claims against Russia even after diplomatic relations between the two countries had been restored and ambassadors exchanged.

The Japanese special envoy, Mr Shunichi Matsumoto, said that Soviet agreement to this had now made it possible for the Japanese Prime Minister, Mr Hatoyama, to come to Moscow about October 10 for talks with Soviet Premier Marshal Bulganin on the re-establishment of relations.

The Soviet agreement was announced by Mr Matsumoto after his second meeting with Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister, Mr Fedorenko, since his arrival in Moscow on Tuesday to prepare the way for Mr Hatoyama's visit.

Earlier talks on the peace treaty between the two countries conducted in Moscow and London foundered because of the Soviet refusal to yield the islands of Kunashiri and Iturup claimed by the Japanese.

Since then Mr Hatoyama and Marshal Bulganin have agreed in an exchange of letters on an "Adenauer" type formula whereby the two countries will as a start exchange ambassadors and restore diplomatic relations.

THE QUERY

Mr Matsumoto said he had come to Moscow to seek clarification of the territorial question following the exchange of the Hatoyama-Bulganin letters earlier this month.

The query was what would happen to the territorial question if Japan and the Soviet Union agreed to reopen diplomatic relations without waiting for a peace treaty.

"We agreed today on a formula and decided to exchange letters between myself and Mr Shepilov (the Soviet Foreign Minister) or his deputy Mr Gromyko."

The formula provides for a continuation of negotiations on the territorial question after the re-establishment of diplomatic relations," Mr Matsumoto said.

Such a principle would be expressed in letters to be exchanged either tomorrow or Sunday. There was no decision when the territorial question would be reopened but this would be part of the general peace treaty consideration, Mr Matsumoto said.

How not to give a Tennis Party

Bad hosts are born and not made; not everyone can make a failure of a tennis party. Nevertheless there are certain observances which may be relied upon to reduce the chances of success.

1. Do not mend the holes in the wire-netting. Searching for balls in the middle of a ding-dong game is a great fermenter of temper.

2. Do not mend the holes in the wire-netting. Searching for balls in the middle of a ding-dong game is a great fermenter of temper.

AND ABOVE ALL, do not on any account provide long ice-cold drinks of Rose's Lime Juice for between-the-sets refreshment. If the imperfect host were to forget by chance this cardinal rule of inhospitality, the sharp and utterly satisfying tang of Nature's most thirst-quenching drink could not fail to produce content.

The party would be a success.

ROSE'S Lime Juice
—MAKES THIRST WORTH WHILE—

KING'S & PRINCESS 5 SHOWS TO-MORROW

"DAVY CROCKETT"

Extra Morning Show at 12.20 p.m.

KING'S & PRINCESS

At 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.40 p.m. At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 p.m.

SHOWING TO-DAY



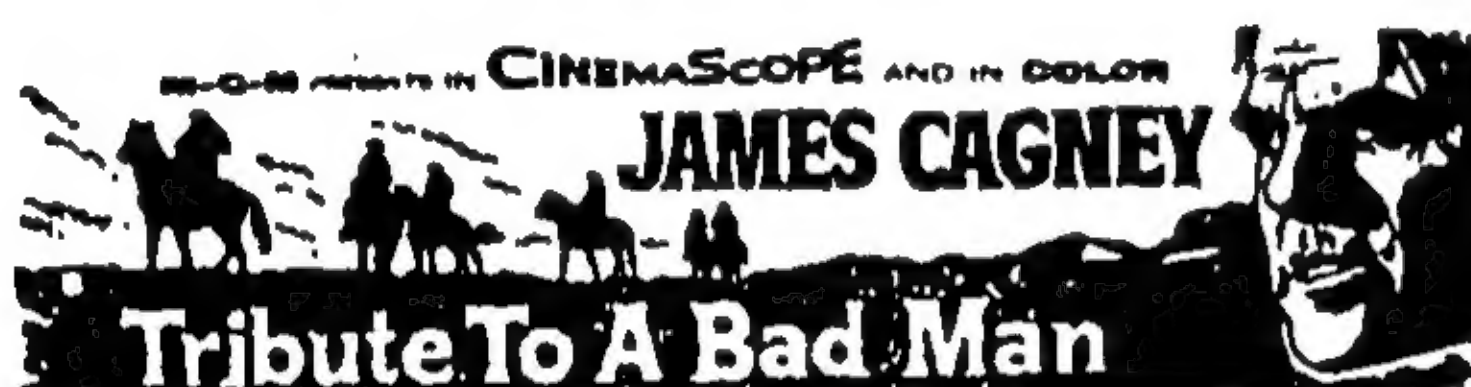
KING'S TO-MORROW MORNING
At 11.15 a.m. EXTRA SHOW
PRINCESS At 11.00 a.m.
THE THREE STOOGES & "TOM & JERRY" &
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
by Columbia by M-G-M

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HOOVER : LIBERTY

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5 SHOWS TO-MORROW

FIRST MATINEE HOOVER at 11.30 a.m.
LIBERTY at 12.00 noon

ORIENTAL Majestic

SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

It's a gorgeous, glorious, glittering gold mine of entertainment! Its grand!



Morning Show To-morrow
"HELL AND HIGH WATER"

To-day At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.



Sunday Morning Show
"UNDERWATER"
In Superscope & Technicolor

CAPITOL RITZ

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



Sunday Morning Show
At 12.30 p.m.
Jack Palance in
"SIGN OF PAIN"
In Cinemascope

FINAL TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



To-morrow
"MASTERSON OF KANSAS"
In Technicolor

The King and I:

This is a magnificent musical that appears to have been transferred piece by piece from the stage to the screen and reassembled exactly as it was before.

The lucky people who have seen the original production in either London or New York will probably disagree with me and add that as I cannot have seen either, I am talking something of which I know little.

My answer to the anticipated criticism is that the current screen version of Miss Landon's book still looks like an excellent piece of theatre fare that has intelligently, expertly and painstakingly been photographed from the centre of the stalls.

This is the only warning I intend to give to those who usually go to a cinema musical expecting plenty of story, with music added.

"The King and I" from the point of view of a theatre-goer is excellent entertainment.

It has a dominating personality in the main role firmly holding together the whole plot. It has pomp, ceremony, costumes that could only be described as peacockish gorgeous. And it has the fairy tale quality of a pantomime, coupled with some plain old fashioned Victorian common sense, that in a pantomime would be supplied by the Court Jester, but which is, in the case of "The King and I", supplied by "I"—Mrs Anna Leonowens.

Palace Music

I am frankly prejudiced in favour of "The King and I". The wonderfully forceful "Palace" music that is played as the King introduces Anna to his numerous progeny has haunted me since I saw the preview of the film more than a month ago. It is the theme music of the picture and the strutting, arrogant, brassy, impish, impressive melody is Yul Brynner himself. Oscar Hammerstein could have had nobody else in mind when he wrote it.

The songs from the film have become popular classics since they were introduced some years ago, yet to hear Deborah Kerr sing them is like a new photograph of well loved faces. I seem to remember reading somewhere that in some of the songs, her voice is not used. If this is so the dubbing has been as well done that it is impossible to tell that it is not Miss Kerr singing.

Her best song is "Hello young lovers", in which she sings of her happiness with her husband Tom, now dead. It is typical of the character of Anna. She has taken the best of the memories of her happy life with Tom, added a philosophical outlook, plenty of humour, prudence without prudery and the result is a firm, purposeful woman who will stand no nonsense but who can be nevertheless feminine with it all.

Dynamic

Irritated by her, amused by her and sometimes goaded by her criticism to the point of having her punished, the King finds her advice invaluable and on his death bed commends her to his son.

Although this picture is mainly a succession of superbly staged numbers strung together by dialogue, it still manages to convey the feeling of time passing, of world events outside the little court of the King of Siam and of a man, half barbaric, half cultured, who is pulled many ways by his violent disposition, but who is passionately trying to rule himself and his people with wisdom.

There is nobody with whom one can compare Yul Brynner. It is difficult to visualise him in any other part but this, yet here is a person of such dynamic personality that not to see him again would be a tragedy. His name on the cast list of an future production of whatever type will ensure a visit from me.

With Yul Brynner and Deborah Kerr dominating the screen for so much of the time, the other characters pale by comparison. However, with not a great deal to do but look exquisitely lovely in a doll-like way, Rita Moreno succeeds in capturing attention and the intricate love between the two young people—her lover is Carlos Rivas—is quite moving.

Of humour there is plenty and unexpected gales of laughter would be a tragedy. His name on the cast list of an future production of whatever type will ensure a visit from me.

This Week's Films In Pictures



Yul Brynner in "The King and I"



A scene from "There's Always Tomorrow"

most people will enjoy every moment of it.

Davy's Here

Davy Crockett:

The Crockett craze having arrived and passed on in Hongkong without leaving any apparently lasting impression on the children, and in the ears of adults left nothing worse than the nasal twang of yet another popular singer, it will be interesting to see whether the film now showing promotes a rash of coonskin caps that the song hit failed to raise.

One thing that the film has done is make a star of Fess Parker.

He is a tall, easy-going, good-looking young man with enough brawn to please the youngsters and enough charm to appeal to women, but these are fairly common attributes of young actors and even with the name of Walt Disney to back him his name would probably not have been heard of again had it not been for the unaccountable success of the popular jingle.

As a western "Davy Crockett" is fairly routine. The hero first fights the Indians, then, with a knowledge of their ways, sees that right is not always on the side of the white man. Being the hero he naturally can't compromise with what he feels to be just and proceeds to force his opinions down the throats of others, even to the extent of becoming a congressman to do so.

The member for Tennessee is as fearless in Washington as he is out on the lone prairie and without much trouble takes the city slicker as easily as he has most of the Indian opponents. His trusty friend throughout all the shooting and talking is Buddy Ebsen, playing as usual

as ever when a word of more than one syllable is introduced and luppeth when he is being sent off on some almost impossible errand.

A Surprise

Tribute To A Bad Man:

Westerns are almost palatable taken in small doses and over a long period. When it is part of one's job to see every one, good, mediocre and often terrible, the prospect of yet another does not arouse any degree of enthusiasm.

It was in this mood of patient resignation that I dragged my feet up the stairs of the Hoover Theatre on Thursday afternoon.

To my delighted surprise "Tribute to a Bad Man" turned out to be not only a very good western, but a well made film from every point of view.

The love interest was plausible, the camera work and editing were good and the new actress, Irene Papas, lives up to every word of the publicity about her. What is more, she can act.

The bad man of the title, James Cagney, is a ranch owner who spares neither himself nor his men, has no time for weakness of any sort and treats his horses with a consideration he does not find necessary to extend to his fellow men. Cagney has found exactly the right note for this part. He does not overdo the toughness, he doesn't swagger or boast of it or indulge in any of the tricks actors often find it necessary to use to hammer home to their audience that they are hard. In spite of his age, gruffness and unattractive appearance, it is perfectly feasible that a lovely woman like Irene Papas could, while deploring his rough ways, admire respect and come to love him.

She is a young woman he has picked up in a saloon and taken back to his ranch to cook, housekeep and provide feminine companionship when necessary. There is no attempt to hide the relationship, yet neither is it given undue importance. It is made clear, and sensibly left there. The man is happy, the girl is happy, she knows she can go if and when she wants to, he understands that she will stay as long as it suits her. There is an absence of fuss and outward demonstration about their relation for each other that I liked very much. There was certainly no coldness about it but the warmth between them was felt rather than leavened home in the usual obvious fashion.

There are two men in the picture who try to win the affection of this, by her own admission, not always good girl, but although she has in the past been fond of one, and goes as far as leaving the ranch with the other, the inner strength of Cagney is an irresistible magnet and without exerting any outward persuasion he draws her back.

The young man who nearly succeeds in winning her from James Cagney is Don Dubbins—again a newcomer to the Hollywood scene. He is another of Cagney's "lame dogs" and except that he covets his boss's woman, turns out to be as much of an asset as the woman herself. Dubbins, like the lovely Greek woman, has looks, talent and the success of a veteran. He has had stage training and this is evident in everything he does. It is not the stage training that has produced the shambling, "naturalistic" style of Brando and James Dean (a technique employed by Vic Morrow in the film) but it has given him an ease of manner that makes a good contrast to the jerky impudence of Cagney. Stephen McNally makes a rather oily, obvious villain, but perhaps the exceptionally good performances of the rest of the cast focus attention on the weakest link.

One very good point about this film is the quickness of the pace. There are no long lingering shots while the reaction on the face of the actor is allowed to sink in to the audience. All unnecessary padding has been removed and although western fans may protest at the exclusion of those lengthy gun battles and interminable shots of galloping horses, they will not be disappointed by the action scenes.

This is a worthy successor to "Shwan Junction" at the Hoover and Liberty cinemas.

New Films At A Glance

SHOWING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Tribute To A Bad Man" A western. James Cagney, Irene Papas, Stephen McNally, Don Dubbins.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "Davy Crockett": A western. Fess Parker, Buddy Ebsen.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Caroline Cherie": French costume piece. Martine Carol.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "The Lost Continent": Traveltogue made by an Italian film unit.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "The King and I": A film version of the Broadway musical. Deborah Kerr, Yul Brynner, Rita Moreno.

COMING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "The Man With The Golden Arm": Frank Sinatra as a drug addict. With Kim Novak and Eleanor Parker.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "There's Always Tomorrow": Wife-neglected husband - other woman drama. Fred MacMurray, Joan Bennett, Barbara Stanwyck.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "A Chinese Butterfly": A Chinese picture in Mandarin. Li Li-Hwa.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye": A gangster melodrama. James Cagney, Barbara Payton, Helmut Cayser.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "Tropic of Death": A South Sea Island story based on "A Rain of Sorrow". Burt Lancaster, Susan Stephens.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m. 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 p.m.

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A True and Different Picture
Unlike Any You Have Ever
Seen Before



— QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA —
5 SHOWS TOMORROW
"LOST CONTINENT"
EXTRA PERFORMANCE AT 11.30 A.M.

ROXY & BROADWAY

SHOWING TO-DAY

Please note the special times:
ROXY: At 2.00, 4.30, 7.00 & 9.30 p.m. BROADWAY: At 2.15, 4.45, 7.10 & 9.40 p.m.



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5 Shows To-morrow, Extra Performance of

"THE KING AND I"

ROXY & BROADWAY: At 11.30 a.m.
Complimentary Tickets Are Not Valid for this Picture

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AT 2.30, 5.10, 7.20 & 9.40 P.M.

MARTINE CAROL in

"CAROLINE CHERIE"

A French Picture with English Subtitles

Reduced Admissions: \$1.70, \$1.20, \$1.00, 70 Cts. & 40 Cts.

SUNDAY MATINEE AT 12.30 P.M.

NEW YORK: Columbia Colour Cartoons

GREAT WORLD: Walt Disney Technicolor Cartoons

The Garrison Players

present

"AND THEN THERE WERE NONE"

A PLAY

by AGATHA CHRISTIE

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THE MISSIONS TO SEAMEN

AT 8.30 P.M.

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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

RSPCA SWOOP ON CHESHIRE COCK-FIGHT

London. THE RSPCA swooped on a farm at Cotton Edmunds, Cheshire. There they broke up a cock-fight.

There, too, they found 30 people, one of them on a bed was hiding under a pile of hay. The other day, at Chester Castle, the 30 people were fined between £10 and £20 for being concerned in cock-fighting.

But behind the swoop was three years hard and patient

work by the R.S.P.C.A. All that time they knew that the sport banned in England more than 100 years ago was continuing and being highly organised.

To wipe it out a nine-man squad was formed, each man an expert in cock-fighting, each ready to move into action at a moment's notice.

Several times before, and twice in Cheshire the last time was as little as seven weeks before the Cotton Edmunds raid—they kept all night vigils in lanes and ditches. But each time the raids failed. The fighters had

been warned. Then Inspector Proctor, stationed in Cheshire, heard about Cotton Edmunds' fight.

An innocent-looking invitation to attend a tennis party was the pass which each of the "cockers" had to the strictly guarded barn where the main (match) was to be held.

"Guests" were told exactly what time to arrive and where to park their cars out of sight, so as not to arouse suspicion, at an isolated farm on a Sunday morning.

Because the cock-fight was disguised as a tennis party, the R.S.P.C.A. codeword for

their swoop became "Operation Tennis."

This time they made no mistake. The police warrant to search the farm was not applied for until 25 minutes before it was executed.

This time the "cockers" were caught off guard. This time they were trapped.

Sold Inspector Proctor: "We know of at least four cock-fighting farms which have taken place in Cheshire in the last six months, but either we have not had sufficient evidence, or else the organisers have been warned in advance."

Now it is believed that the Chester prosecution will be only the first of several. The illegal sport, which has been gaining favour, is organised on a national basis with regional contests between North, South and the Midlands.

Said the leader of the R.S.P.C.A.'s flying squad, Senior Inspector Lanning: "I am proud of my fellows when I think of the nights they have spent without sleep or a cup of tea, waiting in fields and ditches to bring these cruel people to justice."

The cost to the Society to bring the prosecution: £1,000.

Drug Film Starts Rumpus In Britain

London. SOME of Britain's leading doctors have asked 20th Century-Fox not to show James Mason's controversial film about cortisone, "Bigger Than Life."

Specialists have warned the company that the picture may do harm by shaking public confidence in the drug.

[The film was screened in Hongkong last week and earlier this week.]

A firm manufacturing the drug has been considering seeking a legal injunction to prevent the film being screened.

NO SUCH CASE

James Mason plays a patient who goes mad under the effect of overdoses of the drug. He wrecks his marriage and tries to murder his son. The story is based on an actual U.S. case history.

But a Harley Street specialist said: "No such case is known here, and those investigated in America have always had some previous history of psychosis."

"In other words, cortisone would not make a normal man mad. Doctors object to this film because it is likely to shake the confidence that has been built up by careful use of the drug."

MASON'S REPLY

Mr. Mason, producer as well as star of the film, holidaying in France, replied to the medical protest: "I had no intention of attacking the drug industry."

"I have tried to portray, dramatically, the evils of an indiscriminate use of drugs. I should be aided and applauded by the drug industry."

"The excessive use of drugs and narcotics today is a growing evil in our society and one that must be met head-on. An ostrich head-in-the-sand attitude is no answer to the evil."

DOCTORS DEVISE WAY OF REVIVING 'DEAD'

Chicago. Three Cleveland doctors said today that many people who die of heart attacks probably could be revived.

They quoted an unusual case of heart resuscitation which occurred in a Cleveland Hospital.

The patient collapsed in a war. Hand massage of the heart and artificial oxygen administration was begun immediately, they said, and was continued for 10 minutes while the patient was moved through the corridors and up four floors to the operating room.

RECOVERED

There, electric shock was administered and the patient recovered.

Dr. H. E. Mosen, Dr. R. Korman and Dr. J. W. Martin of the University Hospitals of Cleveland and Western Reserve School of Medicine, made their report in the Journal of the American Medical Association.

They were assisted by Dr. C. S. Beck, noted Cleveland heart specialist.

The doctors said the resuscitation procedure usually has been conducted successfully in the operating room when the heart has stopped during surgery.

EXCEPTIONAL

A few "exceptional" cases have been reported in which patients whose hearts stopped while they were elsewhere in the hospital were rushed to the operating room for emergency treatment.

As each new "exceptional" case is reported, the doctors said, the possibilities increase for resuscitation outside the operating room and even outside the hospital itself.

There is little doubt, the doctors said, that the "death factor" is small and may be reversed in many people who fall "dead" of a heart attack.

In many cases in which the co-ordinated heart beat is destroyed by electric impulses accumulating in the heart, the organ itself is anatomically sound and "ought to be able to continue beating," they said.



The Marquess and his third wife

Marquess Wants To End Third Marriage

London.

THE thrice-married 93-year-old Marquess of Winchester has filed a petition in the Bahamas to end his marriage with his wealthy Indian wife, the former Miss Bapsy Pavry.

The marchioness, who lives in a Mayfair hotel, was listening to the Suez debate in the House of Lords when the news reached her.

A friend tapped her on the shoulder and said: "Would you come outside? We have important news."

Then the 53-year-old marchioness was told that her husband was seeking finally to annul their four-year-old marriage that for the past 12 months has been subject to bitter legal squabbles.

At her hotel last week the sad-looking daughter of a Purser High Priest said: "I feel I have been stabbed in the back."

Case dropped

The monogamous marchioness lives in Nassau, Bahamas. He travelled there in 1951 to marry a widow, Mrs Evelyn Fleming, mother of Mr Peter Fleming, the author.

But on his 89th birthday the marchioness—premier marchioness of England—announced that the wedding would not take place. He married Miss Pavry the following year.

Now, as the Marchioness of Winchester, she is suing 72-year-old Mrs Fleming for the alleged enticement of her husband and alleged breach of agreement under which the marchioness dropped her first enticement suit last July.

Both writs have been served on Mrs Fleming at her Nassau home.

Going To Nassau

The marchioness's action against the slim and graceful marchioness, well known in London society, alleges that their marriage was not consummated.

She said: "I shall go out to Nassau later this year and fight this action. I still love my husband and want him back with me in London."

Tears in her eyes, the third marchioness told how she had kept secret the break in her marriage even after her husband had left her.

"He went on a health trip to Nassau a long time ago—I cannot think how long—and left me here to attend to his affairs. I expected him to return, but he never did."

It is understood that the marchioness's action for annulment of his marriage will be heard in the Supreme Court of the Bahamas before Sir Guy Henderson, the Chief Justice.

Baby Janet Saved Grandma's Life

By ALWYNE TAYLOR

London.

Each night as four-year-old Janet Chilvers is tucked up in bed she whispers: "Please don't close the door, auntie."

For Janet dreads being shut in. She spent a night of fear in the dark looking after her semi-conscious grandmother.



Janet Chilvers and her Teddy

HE BURNED £2,000

Burton-on-Trent.

AN ex-policeman said at Burton-on-Trent Bankruptcy Court last week he had burnt almost £2,000 in £1 and £5 notes in an open fire at his parents' home. He had no idea what made him do such a thing.

Belcher said in evidence that he burned £1,916 in one bundle on the fire. He added that his wife's claim for divorce costs had "nothing to do" with throwing the money on the fire.

The Registrar, Mr Alan Nutt, adjourned the public examination said to Belcher: "I am not satisfied with the evidence you have given."

But the statement showed that his former wife, Pamela,

was claiming £72 12s. for divorce costs and a maintenance order. Belcher, whose home is at Sneyd Hill, Burton, counter-claimed for £73 15s.

Belcher said in evidence that he burned £1,916 in one bundle on the fire. He added that his wife's claim for divorce costs had "nothing to do" with throwing the money on the fire.

The Registrar, Mr Alan Nutt, adjourned the public examination said to Belcher: "I am not satisfied with the evidence you have given."

Mrs Blanche Chilvers, who is 70, was looking after Janet at her home in Mortlake Road, Ilford, Essex, while Janet's parents were on holiday abroad. As she was putting Janet to bed she fell and hit her head.

For the next hour Janet slowly dragged her grandmother from her bedroom to her room. She could not help Mrs Chilvers into bed so she put a pillow under her head and covered her with an eiderdown. During the night she smuggled next to her grandmother on the floor to keep her warm.

At dawn

At daybreak Janet rattled at a neighbour's gate. "Would you help pick my gran up?" she asked Mrs Williams. Then Mrs Chilvers was taken to hospital.

Mrs Williams thought Janet looked "rather grubby" but the dirt marks were bruises she got when she dragged her grandmother along the floor.

Recovering in hospital last week, Mrs Chilvers said: "I thought I was dying, but I tried to hide it for Janet's sake. I said to her 'Gran will try to crawl to her room, but I couldn't. So she dragged me in by my legs, and hurt herself doing it."

"She even said 'Keep your thumbs in, Gran, else I can't get you through the doors'."

So tired

"Afterwards she kept saying she was so tired. She hadn't the strength to help me on to my bed, but she covered me up, and she saved my life by getting help next day."

Another neighbour, Mrs Alice Lowin, heard Janet sobbing during the night. "It made me want to rush in and cuddle her," she said, "but I did not know her parents were away and I felt I would be a nosy-parker if I intruded. It grieves me to think I could have saved Janet and Mrs Chilvers from that awful night."

THE QUEEN BUYS TWO MORE HORSES

(Below: The Queen at the Doncaster sale paddocks)



London. THE QUEEN has bought two high-class yearling filly racehorses, costing 5,250 guineas.

She picked them herself when she went to the Doncaster sale paddocks recently before the yearlings were put up. The above picture was taken then.

The deal was carried through by one of the leading thoroughbred bloodstock agencies who were instructed by a private person.

Said an agency spokesman: "We had no idea the horses were for the Queen."

"We bought a filly by Petition out of Danse D'Espoir, bred by the Sledmere Stud for 4,100 guineas, and a filly by Luminary out of Whoa Emma for 1,150 guineas, bred by the Middleton Stud in Ireland."

They were sent to Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochford's stables at Newmarket, but stayed there only a few

hours before being sent to one of the Queen's studs. There they will be broken in.

The Queen thought very seriously about the advisability of buying yearlings.

However, in view of her turf successes in the past few years (she won £40,998 with her horses in 1954), the Queen decided to put some of the stakes won back into the thoroughbred industry.

Men who guide the destinies of the world wear Rolex watches



WHENVER historical decisions are made, at top-level conferences, in Cabinet meetings, at strategy discussions, you will find these men. No day passes without some reference to them in newspapers, on radio or television. Their fame is the measure of their importance—to each of us and to the whole world.

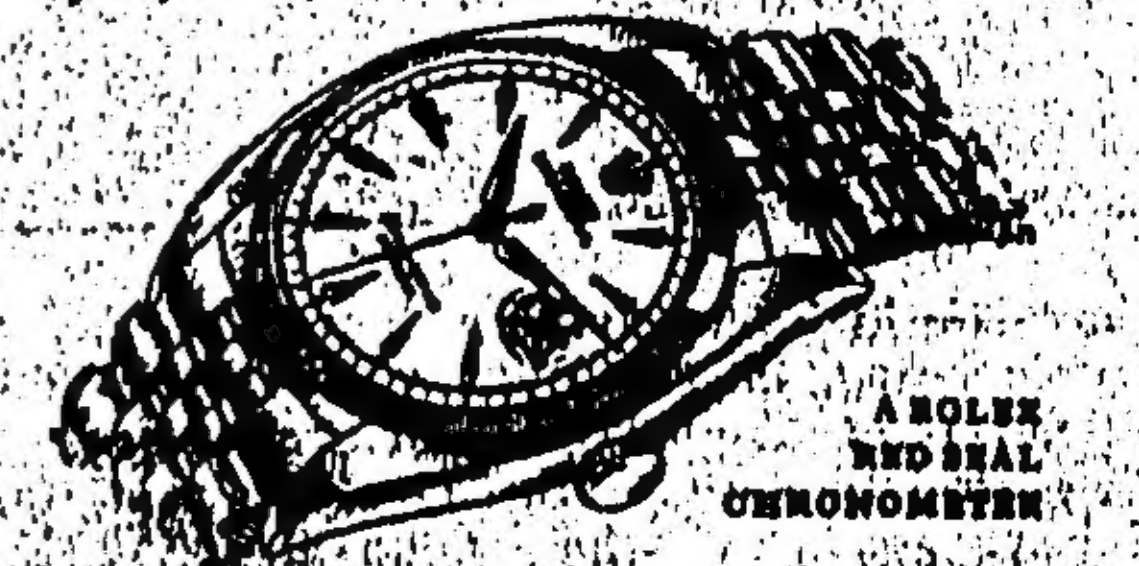
We cannot mention their names or picture them. It would not be fitting to do so—for they include royalty, the heads of States, great service chiefs and statesmen. But when next you see them or their pictures, look at something you might not normally notice—the watch on their wrists. That watch will most likely have been made by Rolex of Geneva.

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ROLEX
OYSTER PERPETUAL
DATEJUST



NORMAN BUCKLEY (right), 48-year-old solicitor, skimmed his way to a new world water speed record when he covered 79.66 miles in one hour on Lake Windermere. Water speed king Donald Campbell is seen congratulating Buckley. (Express)

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



RIGHT: Actress Anne Haywood is holding the only light-motivated clock in the world, which is among the exhibits at the International Watch and Jewellery Show in London. The energy produced by light acting on its photo-electric cells is transformed into electricity which charges the micro-accumulator. (Express)



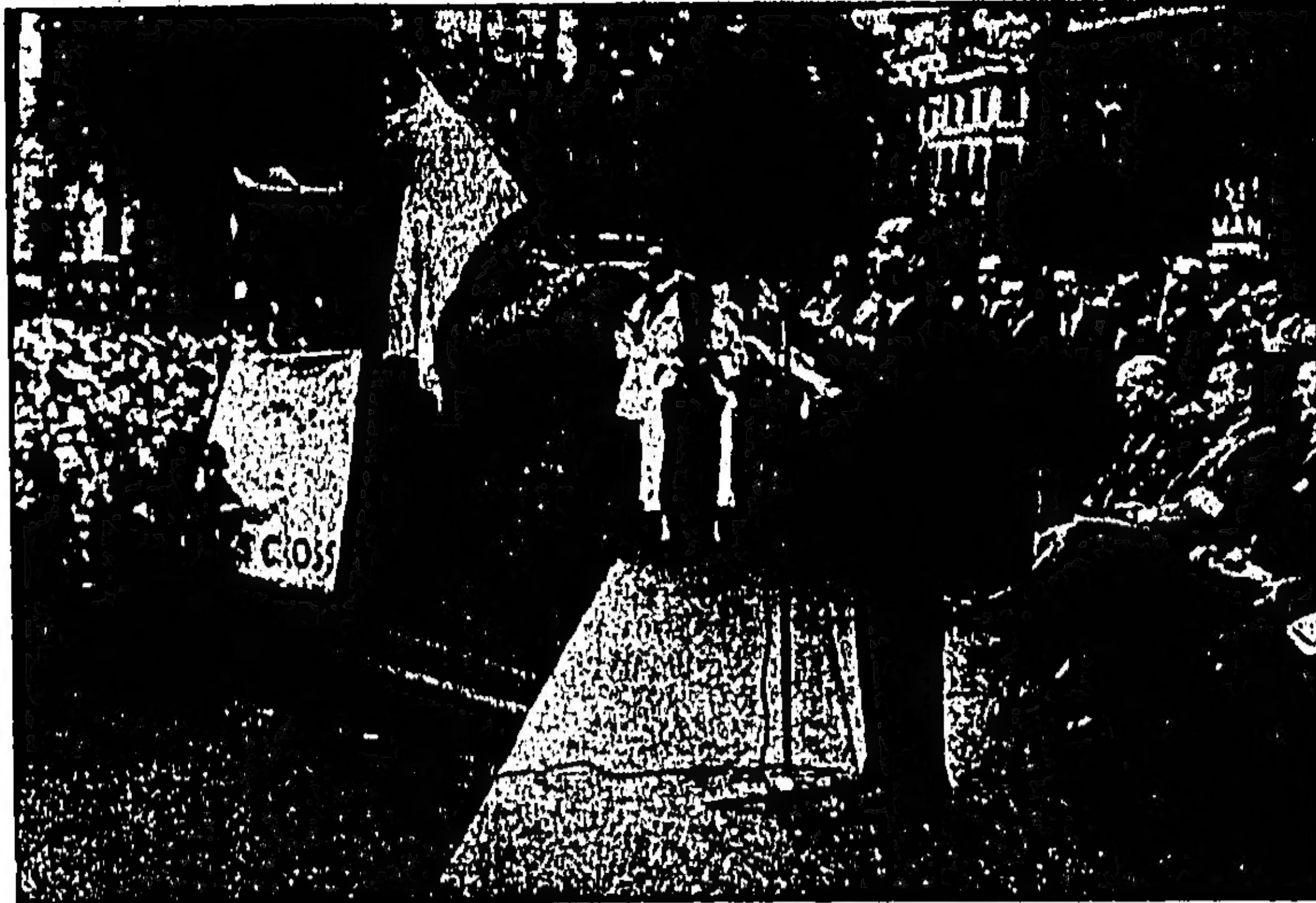
LEFT: Red-haired French hairdresser Rene Moulard, who is accompanying Princess Margaret on her African tour. Just as on the Caribbean tour, he took along a special portable hair-dryer, with collapsible hood, which is reserved for the Princess's exclusive use. (Express)



RITA HAYWORTH, 37 and four times married, has a new romance. Her latest attendant is Ron Randell, 37 and once married — the Australian actor who has won TV fame in England. He lives two floors above her Park Lane flat. Every morning there have been red roses for Miss Hayworth. (Express)



FROM a castle in Germany to a Sussex farm. That's the life story so far of Princess Christina, 28-year-old niece of the Duke of Edinburgh and wife of Prince Andrew of Yugoslavia. Princess Christina and her husband moved straight back into the day-to-day slog of farming when they returned from their honeymoon. (Express)



AN Egyptian spoke to thousands of people attending a "No War Over Suez" rally in London's Trafalgar Square as tension at home and abroad mounted. He was Dr Abdul-Azim Anis, a lecturer at London University. The rally was attended by marchers representing the Labour Party, the Communists and other groups. (Express)



THE first car identity parade in the history of murder detection was held in quiet Gadebridge Road, Hemel Hempstead, Hertfordshire, following the strangling of Mrs Diane Sutley. Boy witnesses trying to identify the car used by the "Kid Glove Strangler." (Express)



LEFT: Princess Meriam, daughter of the Sultan of Johore, blow out the candles on the birthday cake at the party in London celebrating her sixth birthday. The Sultan had his 80th birthday the day before. (Express)



TWO VC's of the King's Shropshire Light Infantry took the salute together at a passing out parade at the Regimental Depot at Shrewsbury. Mr G. H. Eardley (left) and Mr H. Whitfield are seen talking to some of the recruits who are shortly joining the 1st Battalion in West Africa. (Army News)



LEFT: "Not even governments could keep us here now," said British and French Suez pilots queuing up in Cairo for exit visas. Here are three English pilots back home after years of service with the Suez Canal Company. They are (from left) Mr Oscar Carew, Mr Douglas Norton and Mr Arthur Barnes. (Express)

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



ROWNTREES





"We KNOW you ain't showing Rock 'n' Roll. That's why we're coming in to bust the joint."

The WAR NEHRU DOESN'T WANT the WORLD to KNOW

THE Indian Army is winning its lawdry little war against the rebellious Naga tribesmen.

Twelve thousand crack troops are driving in three columns through the jungle-covered Assam hills — the same wilderness of struggling creeper that became the grave of the Japanese in the turning-point battle of the Burma campaign.

Shell-pitted Kohima is once more an army headquarters. Its shabby tin-roofed buildings shudder again with the shock of roaring artillery.

Old weapon pits are manned again in places with glorious names — Piguit Hill, Church Knoll, Jail Hill — old Jeep tracks are back in use upon the surrounding unfriendly hills.

Some of the painting, periscope Indian patrols pushing out over these tracks wear the Burma Star on their jungle-green. They pick their way past abandoned tanks, the creeper-grown skeletons of Mitsu trucks, sometimes the rusted snouts of forgotten mountain guns.

On the run

The Indians move confidently, though with care. The monsoon rains that have been helping the Nagas are almost over. At last it is possible to get out beyond the nervously guarded perimeters.

THE NAGAS are on the run — pathetic remnants of their so-called Independence Army are scattering into the border hills. While villages go up in flames, suspects are herded into makeshift concentration camps and rice-fields return to the weeds.

Troops have strict instructions to behave — but inevitably there are incidents. Too many men have been ambushed or murdered in the six-month-old campaign. Tempers are frayed, fingers are quick on the trigger.

A well-known Naga doctor was shot dead outside his house by Indian soldiers. He was unarmed and had taken no part in the rebellion. Two men now await trial by court-martial.

Kohima, Imphal and familiar places to 14th Army troops are now sealed off in a war which Indian troops are waging on the tribesmen of the remote hills. A war in which villages burn scalps are taken

From RUSSELL SPURR

The latest reports are that whole tracts of the hill country are starving through loss or destruction of crops. Disease is spreading. Many homeless refugees are already believed to have died.

Suppression

Facts and figures aren't easily obtained about this costly, destructive little war. Premier Nehru doesn't want outsiders looking in on it. Some edge might be taken off all this high-flown Indian condemnation of "colonialist suppression."

Reporters aren't even allowed to visit embattled Kohima.

I got as near as possible to the trouble area during a week in the Assam hills. Driving up the wartime road from Imphal through battlefields immortalised by the Fourteenth Army, I was able to interview travellers and passing soldiers.

But always across each road leading into the Naga country there is a barrier with a military policeman demanding entry passes.

Indian officials indignantly deny the area is closed. Nothing so authoritarian. It is just "temporarily restricted . . . after another month or so it will be all right, old chap . . . just now it's a little dangerous for unaccompanied travellers."

A conducted tour will be arranged eventually but not until the Nagas are thoroughly subdued. The army reckons that will take another couple of months.

Premier Nehru has admitted the Naga affair has been mis-handled. The trouble dates back to the British hand-over in India. The first Indian Governor of Assam, the province bordering Burma, which includes the Naga hills, told the tribesmen they would enjoy the same freedoms as under the British.

The ninth and most vital clause of this agreement suggested that it be reviewed in 1957—after 10 years—implying that the Nagas could opt out of India as they then wished.

The agreement was afterwards repudiated by the Indian Parliament. The Naga negotiators went back to their villages swearing they had been betrayed.

A tall professional rebel with a partly paralysed face began clamouring for independence—or war.

Zapu Phizo had already fought the British. He joined the Japanese invaders of Burma and tried with little success to organise a puppet Naga force.

He came home after the war, hailed as a patriot by the Indian Nationalists. Then he demanded freedom.

That wasn't according to the book, India was already "free." Phizo obstinately emphasised the Nagas weren't, that they would never be free as long as Indian police and officials ruled the Naga hills.

He wanted an independent Naga State embracing the 300,000-odd tribesmen inhabiting the hills.

He said that no independent State could survive in those hills.

Phizo whipped up angry opposition. He organised a walk-out of 5,000 tribesmen from a meeting Nehru was about to address in Kohima. He organised a complete boycott of the local elections, a widespread refusal to pay taxes, and slowly began sabotaging the Indian administration.

IN DELHI an official spokesman would have it known that only a handful supported Phizo. But those who know tell me there was hardly a tribe not adding in various ways the increasingly belated agitation waged in the name of the Naga National Council.

Britain had always believed in leaving the Nagas in peace. Their more remote tribal areas along the Burma border were scarcely administered at all. The few British officers sent to supervise tribal affairs did little more than halt head-hunting and feuds.

The Indian Government declared the territory must be opened up. The reason (not

admitted) was the Chinese invasion of Tibet.

Whole areas scarcely mapped and seldom visited along the Tibetan and Burma borders overnight acquired a new strategic significance.

The Government poured in rupees for roads and for schools and medical facilities.

The programme might have proved popular. But it was marred by fumbling bureaucrats. Pompous, unsympathetic officials found the Nagas "arrogant, spoiled, and childish." They had been too "pampered" by the British.

"Need a bit of kicking around, these blighters," an Indian civil servant was heard to remark.

THE NAGAS needed anything but kicking. They were free men, fierce in war, but gentle in peace. They could be devoted friends, offering rice beer in their remote mountain villages. They could be adly enemies, swift and sure with a spear or gun in the jungles they called their own.

Rice beer

Towards the end of 1954 Phizo struck. Tribal drums summoned the warriors in their kills and feasters. The rice beer was passed round, spears were sharpened, and wartime guns retrieved from a thousand hiding places.

A last offering to the forest gods, a sacrifice of chickens upon stone altars, and war burst round Nehru's Administration.

Within a week the Tuensang frontier division, the remotest Naga territory along the Burma border, was flaming with revolt. Police posts were attacked, buildings burned, and pro-Indian headmen murdered.

Road convoys were ambushed, suspension bridges sent plunging into mountain gorges.

The Assam Rifles were called in. They are a semi-military force, lightly armed, formed by the British to maintain order.

The disorders were put down with difficulty.

Phizo moved secretly into the main Naga hills area around Kohima. Opposition was growing to his extremist policies. Still he advocated all-out war. The man who led the opposition was mysteriously murdered. No one else apparently held back when the murder rebel finally called on the entire Naga nation to revolt in April this year under cover of the monsoon.

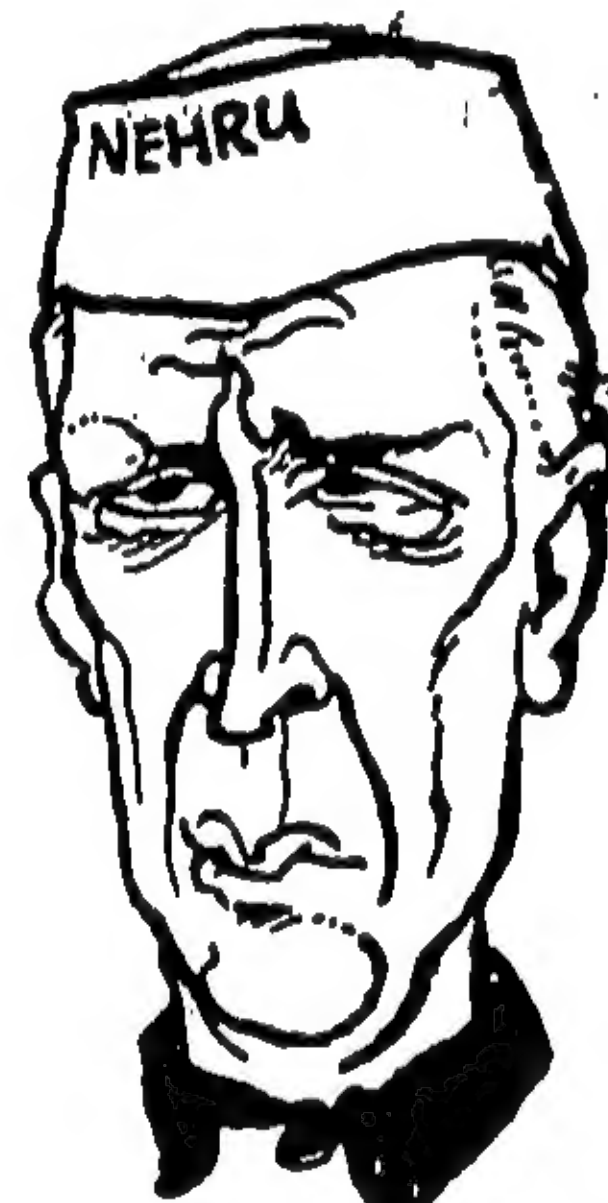
the Naga tribes. They darted into the jungles they know so well, spearing and shooting policemen and Indian officials.

The Assam Rifles came in again to complete disaster. A column was ambushed in a rainstorm outside Kohima, dozens were killed and the rest scattered. Their arms and equipment were looted.

The damage, the campaign's cost, runs into millions. The result? Not total defeat for the Nagas. They are to be given more self-rule under the coming reorganisation of the Indian provinces.

BUT THAT WON'T HEAL THE BITTER HATREDS AROUSED BY INDIA'S EMBARRASSING PRIVATE WAR.

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Kohima was as much under siege as in the Burma campaign. Twice it was attacked by yelling tribesmen who hacked and shot their way into the outskirts.

The two main roads—one to Dimapur in the plains and the other across mountains to neighbouring Imphal—were cut just as effectively as they once were by the Japs.

Road convoys were ambushed by well-concealed guerrillas in the jungle. Troops were killed and civilians robbed.

The war was beyond anything the Assam Rifles could handle. Scalps began appearing on Naga belts again, just like the head-hunting days of 100 years ago.

Riflemen died swiftly and often among the rain-sodden trees and ferns as the monsoon months slipped by. Police posts, schools, and administrative buildings went up in flames.

Hastily a retreat was called to the old Kohima perimeter pending the arrival of reinforcements.

For this?

They arrived under armoured escort up the Dimapur road. Artillery was again sited round the town pumping shells into snipers' posts somewhere up among the surrounding hills. The barrage, whistled over the great British war cemetery where lie the men who died defending India in the name of freedom.

THEIR MEMORIAL bears the words: "For your tomorrow: they gave their today."

For this? I wonder. Well, now it is over—bar a little more shooting.

JUST FANCY THAT...

FIVE greyhounds sprinted up the straight in the seventh race at Ffos-y-Nedd Greyhound Stadium, Wigan.

As they rounded the first bend, a rabbit confronted them on the track.

The five dogs ignored the rabbit and went on chasing the dummy hare.

NO one quite knows why, but London bus drivers are larger, on average than the conductors.

They are bigger (round the chest and waist) when they join, bigger when they retire. They are bigger when young, bigger when old.

All this was discovered from a study of sizes of uniforms issued to 1,270 drivers and 904 conductors in 1954. The results are disclosed in The Lancet.

THE newspaper Mornington Star has appealed to the police to stop tourists bottling their feet in Rome's fountains.

Mariene Dietrich set the example. Now tourists on sight-seeing trips are following.

One "very respectable-looking" English couple, in shorts and shirts, plunged head-first into the magnificent Fontana Etrusca, in one of the grandest piazzas.

The newspaper complains that police are too busy watching to see who has the prettiest legs.

IT was pay night, life was good—and Zahiruddin Ahsan's friend dared him to run up a descending escalator at Leicester Square station, London.

This cost him 10s. when he pleaded guilty at Bow Street to "ascending an escalator by a stairway other than that expressly provided."

He confessed: "By the time I stopped I was very tired."

REMEMBER those vodka parties in the Kremlin? Well, now the Russians have been to a scotch party in Newfoundland.

Scotch is a dark, heavy Newfoundland rum. The Russians, headed by Soviet Fisheries Minister Mr. A. Iashkov, were each given a glass of it at a reception in St. John's.

And they could not take it. After one drink they discreetly went on to something less explosive—Scotch whisky.



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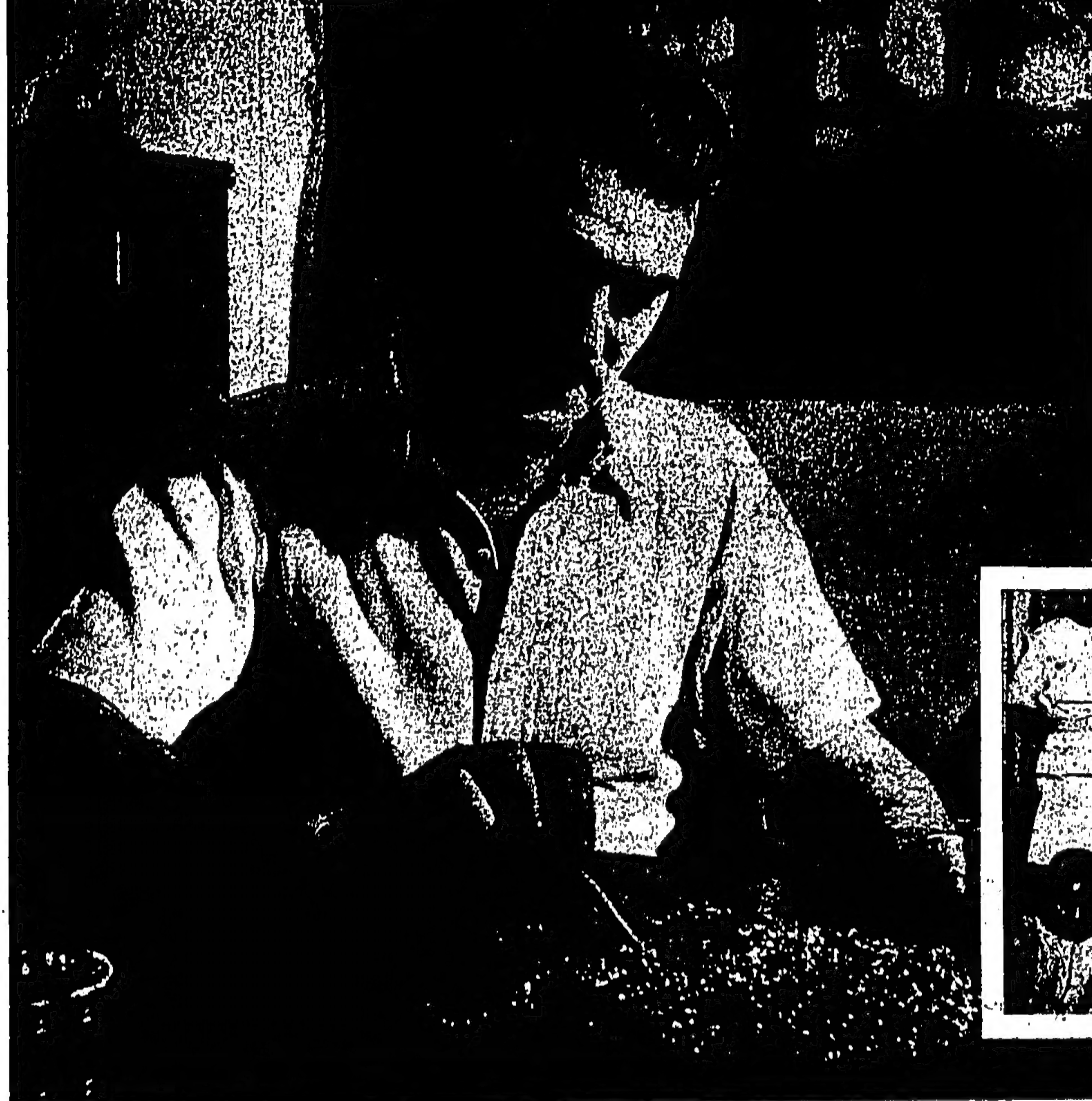
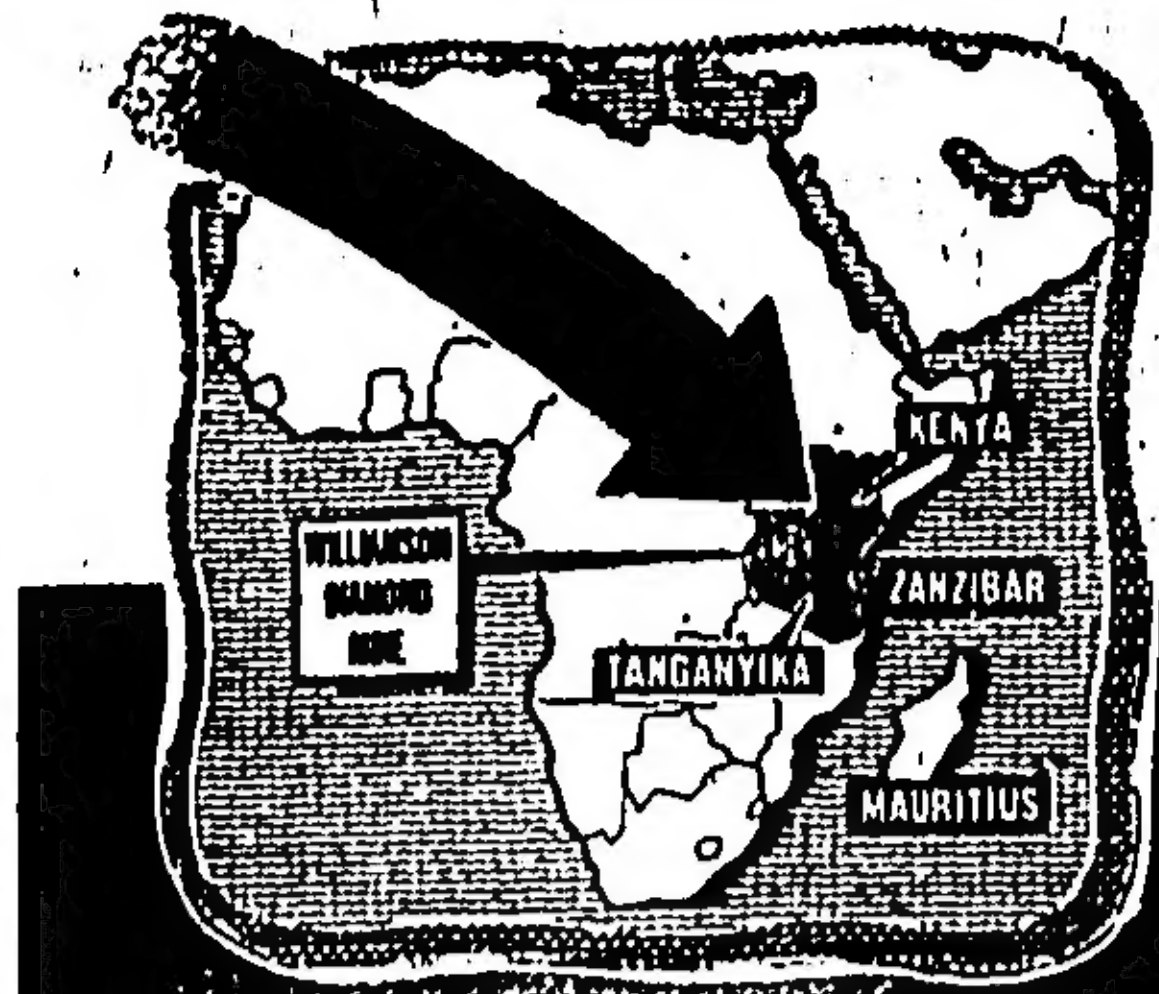
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THE ASTONISHING MAN WHO'LL GIVE THE PRINCESS HER BROOCH . . .



Counting diamonds spilled like rice-grains on his desk . . . The fabulous Dr John Williamson. And he says: "I don't even like diamonds. The one thing I'm really interested in is geology."

By MERRICK WINN

WHEN Princess Margaret goes to the Williamson Diamond Mine in Tanganyika she will be the guest of one of the most stammered men in Africa. She will probably not have heard the stories told about 49-year-old Dr John Thoburn Williamson. I have heard them in many parts of Africa. Always the same stories and none pleasant.

'Power-mad'

He was a hermit, they said. A power-mad, ruthless autocrat hiding dark secrets but still unable to hide his greed for diamonds. One Christmas, they said, he fired six men because their small daughters pulled the tinsel off a Christmas tree.

I was warned: "You'll never get into the mine. He never sees anyone. They'd say he was ill, but he'd be drunk."

Sure enough, when I turned up at the mine gates, with the notice "Penalty for unauthorised entry—£1,000," they told me: "You can't see the doctor—he's ill."

When Williamson arrived 15 years ago he found nothing but scrub and desert, malaria and the tsetse fly. And diamonds. Now his mine is the fourth biggest township in Tanganyika.

He has hundreds of European workers living in neat streets of red-roofed bungalows, each furnished to the tune of £1,000.

There are floodlit tennis courts, a golf course, a yacht club, and a £50,000 hospital. Not bad, for a drunk. If he was a drunk. Well, I met him. He WAS ill. Bronchitis. So much for one slander.

"Yes, I know the stories about me," he said. "I don't let them bother me. What would be the use? You can never stop stories like that." So, of all these stories I now believe only one—that he is so extremely shy he will go to almost any length to avoid meeting people. I was the first English newspaperman he had seen in nearly eight years.

He certainly views Princess Margaret's visit with something like terror—not too strong a word—though she will be there for only 2½ hours (on Monday, October 15).

He will give her that £15,000 diamond brooch and then, with no disrespect, be mighty glad to see the back of her.

'Happier? . . . No'

I asked him if he were happier now, with potential wealth estimated at many millions, than he was at the beginning.

"I think I was happier in the early days, with just the few of us," he said. "We roughed it, had real companionship. Now things are impersonal."

I knew what he meant. This man has hardly a friend among all the hundreds on the mine (some have never seen him).

I remember too the double-barbed wire fence, the Alsatian dogs trained to savage intruders, the TV screens to spy on every move of even proved employees.

"It's not my doing, though many people outside say it is. I'm compelled to take these precautions by law—more than 80 percent of my profits go to the Tanganyika Government."

Well, the remainder still leaves him rich enough to buy anything, anything in the world he wants. Is he happier?

"No," he told me. "Money solves no personal problems, but I never thought it would. I've only ever wanted money to help me get on with the one thing I'm really interested in."

That is geology—not diamonds. "I don't even like diamonds, not cut ones—they're so artificial."

How did he find his diamonds? "There's a great deal of nonsense talked about that, too," he said. "I'm supposed to have kicked a diamond out of the ground, accidentally."

'I simply knew'

"By the laws of chance I'd have had to kick 3,000 years for that to happen. Actually I found the mine simply because I knew, geologically, it ought to be there."

The doctor is proud of one thing—"I've never borrowed a penny. Everything in the mine, from the first day, has been paid for from the diamonds we dug out of the ground." (Including the £4,500,000 plant, the world's newest and biggest, opened this year.)

One question I did not ask him, because I had already found the answer. This: How do you, if you are mean and spiteful and filled with envy, try to ruin the reputation of someone cleverer than you are?

You do it like this. You start with a true story—of a man who gets drunk and sets about wrecking the mine club and, as a result, is sacked.

Then you turn that man into six little girls and make them pull tinsel off a Christmas tree.

Yes, it really happened like that.

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FLASHBACK to the days when diamonds were sorted by hand. A line of gleaming Africans examine the gravel—using one hand only. Why? Because, if you want to steal a diamond, the usual way is to swallow it. A row of guards watches to see no one raises his free hand to his mouth. Now machinery introduced at the Williamson mine this year has changed all that. Now, nobody ever handles a diamond, except for five white men . . . and they are watched continually on TV screens.

THE MAN WHO KNEW EVERYBODY

I NEVER SAW A PLAIN WOMAN NEAR HIM

DONALD EDGAR, WHO KNEW BARON PERSONALLY, BEGINS A TWO-PART FLASHBACK PROFILE

I WALKED up London Brick Street in Mayfair, and rang the bell at No. 2. I climbed the precipitous stairs.

There were the photographs of the baron. There were the photographs of horses. There was the pretty telephone—I never saw a plain woman near Baron.

It was all so much the same that I early asked her if Baron were free.

From the Queen

IT was always such fun seeing Baron in Brick Street. Fun whether you went to see him on business or to join in one of his fancy-dress parties.

His little room was just the same mass of disorder. The faded yellow carpet. The rolls of film. The bottle of wine. The filing cabinets.

And everywhere photographs. Many of The Queen and the Duke. All signed. The Queen before she was married. The Duke as a simple naval officer. Marriage pictures. Pictures with Prince Charles soon after his birth. Coronation pictures. There was a framed letter from the Queen—

"Dear Mr Nahan, I was so delighted to receive the photograph of the Duke of Edinburgh in colour and I hope you will accept my grateful thanks for your kind thought in sending me such a lovely wedding present. — Yours sincerely, Elizabeth."

'Ho's the man'

I REMEMBER that for him Princess Elizabeth . . . she was not yet Queen . . . dressed up in her bridal gown again after the honeymoon.

about one of the photographs taken by others at the wedding. But he wasn't what you would call "a ladies man."

The Queen Mother, who had been very pleased with a portrait of her husband, agreed. And as soon as they returned to London, Baron was called in.

The last time I had been in this room was at a party that raged through this rambling old house.

Baron was dressed as Byron and at two in the morning wanted to try his hand at a sonnet. Sally Ann Howes was glamorous as a chorus girl in black tights and a great flowered hat.

Lord Milford Haven, dressed as Emily Brontë's Heathcliff, was standing in the corner.

Flattery

THERE are the royal warrants as photographer from the Queen and the Duke. There are Baron portraits of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor . . . signed. Wallis . Windsor . . . Edward. There is Nehru. There is the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester.

There is the bicycling contraption that Baron used to try to exercise his hips crippled by arthritis.

And, of course, rows of portraits of lovely women.

Baron loved to have them around. Loved to photograph them.

There was only one he failed to please. Her name was Marlene Dietrich. She sent back his prints with suggestions for improvement.

Baron flew into one of his black rages. "I'll make you beautiful my way," he told her, "not in any way you suggest."

It was all part of his swish-buckling, romantic nature. But he wasn't what you would call "a ladies man."

For him it was adventurous driving, poker-playing, the race-course when he came to life, and his sartorial features glowed with life.

Showmanship

I WENT into the studio. A large bleak room with black rafters. There were the usual masses of arc-lamps. I remember telling him that he didn't need half of them. "It's all showmanship, my boy," he would say with a devilish grin.

There was the big radio. When he was giving a sitting—25 guineas a time—there was always music playing. "Romantic stuff for the women," he told me. "Bigger stuff for men. And the classics for men like Sir John Barbirolli."

But his assistant said to me: "I used to choose the music. And to tell you the truth it was to get Baron in the mood, not the sitters."

I remember watching Baron in this room taking pictures of Norman Wisdom.

He moved swiftly around the room with his cameras. His chatter arm never seemed to cease him a moment's troubles.

He was wearing the inevitable bow-tie. The inevitable flowered waistcoat.

A half-burned cigar was stuck in his mouth.

There was something rather grand about Baron as he went about his job.

He was the artist, the man of fashion who had rather kindly consented to take your photograph. The fact that money entered into the transaction was entirely incidental—until the bill was sent in.

incidental—until the bill was sent in.

His success

THERE was a fine study of a horse. Baron took the pictures for Clive Graham's book "Great Horses of the Year."

There was an exhibition of the photographs afterwards and Sir Alfred Munnings said that he had learned more from the prints than he had from the canvases of the great horse-painters.

But then Baron was an artist. The fact that he used a camera rather than a canvas and oils was incidental.

But Baron's artistry as a photographer was only incidental to Baron's artistry as a man.

He reminded me at times of a Renaissance artist. There was something of Benvenuto Cellini in him.

His whole life was a work of art.

It was difficult to have at all times the right sort of background for Baron in the post-war years. There were shortages . . . even of money. For Baron spent as fast as he earned.

But he did create his life. It was his most successful portrait.

I remember an evening back in his old flat in Kinnerton Street.

There was Gilbert Harding magnificently declaiming poetry. There was Pietro Annigoni solemnly receiving praise for his portrait of the Queen.

Baron was sitting on a long, low ottoman. There were girls either side of him. There was one crouched at his feet. But Baron was carrying on an animated conversation about the chances of a horse in the 3.30 the next day.

There were good paintings on the wall. There was good wine in the glasses.

It was gay, at times frivolous. And yet you could hear as good talk there as anywhere in Europe. Philosophy would alternate with poker. A woman's coiffure with politics.



BARON, WHO DIED SEPTEMBER 5.

SEPARATION: Is It A Good Thing Or A Bad Thing?

Stick together, say four couples whose marriages have lasted over 30 years

By EILEEN ASCROFT

IS it more difficult to make a marriage work if you have to spend a lot of time apart?

Two couples in London this week who firmly believe the more time you spend together the happier you are, come from America.

Mr and Mrs William Rosenthal, president and treasurer respectively of the Maiden Form bra company, have just celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary.

They work and travel together, even share all their meals every day. "We rarely spend a day apart," says Mrs Rosenthal. "Our recipe for making marriage work is 'Be both pals and partners.'"

Mr and Mrs Sam Goldwyn hold the same view. She does not actually work in his business, but she shares everything else, travelling and entertaining.

In 31 years of marriage they have seldom been apart. Frances Goldwyn believes marriage works better when you are constantly together, sharing ideas and interests and friends. "You grow closer that way."

"I never had a partner until I married her," says Sam fondly. "And I don't want any other!"

George and Beryl Formby hold the same view. They celebrated their 32nd wedding anniversary recently. "We have never been separated for one single day in all those 32 years," Beryl tells me.

She has never missed a performance of his shows, and even when he was in hospital she spent the days at his bedside.

She thinks all hobbies should be shared. "I'm not keen on football, wrestling or boxing," she confessed, "but I go with him to all three." Wise woman!

In London now is Mrs Virginia Zanuck, happily married for 32 years (they celebrated their 32nd anniversary last January) to famous Hollywood film producer, Darryl Zanuck.

"We have never been separated in all that time," she says, "and I travel with him everywhere. He likes to have me with him and have my opinions, especially on the audience side. If we agree about a story, a star, or a picture, and afterwards I am proved right, he is very generous and always gives me credit for it."

"We grow up in the business together, and our life has been spent mostly in the projection room. "My recipe for a happy marriage? Well, give and take is most important, also companionship and great understanding. Above all have faith in your marriage," (copyright)

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



MUST SHE HAVE THAT OPERATION?

By Cedric Carne

LIKE thousands of other mothers and fathers, Mr and Mrs Lawrence had this problem: Should Jane have her tonsils removed?

"You see, we've been to two doctors already," said Mrs Lawrence. "One said Jane would be better without her tonsils. The other said the opposite. If doctors can't make up their minds how can we?"

Tonsillectomy is one of the most commonly performed operations. And many doctors are asking like Mrs Lawrence: "Is it really necessary?"

Of young men going into the Army nowadays, 35 percent go in minus their tonsils — most of them having had the operation between the ages of four and eight.

"Jane is seven," Mrs Lawrence said.

"One point to remember," I said, "is that there is a general normal increase in the size of the tonsils between the fourth and eighth years. And since that is the time when most children have them removed the logical conclusion is that for many of them the operation was unnecessary."

Mr Lawrence whistled when I continued: "Since the beginning of the National Health Service something like 200,000 children are being admitted to our hospitals each year to have their tonsils out."

JUST WORRIED

"That should cost the country a couple of million pounds, at least," he said.

Mrs Lawrence was not thinking of percentages and figures. She was just worried about Jane's recurring sore throats. But most children, subject to tonsillar infections, start to get better spontaneously and naturally — without surgical interference — when they reach Jane's age.

"I'm not thinking of when she's 13 or older," Mrs Lawrence said. "Those sore throats kept Jane in bed and away from school now. If she has the operation, perhaps she'll catch up with her studies."

Yet the answer to that was again to be found in the day, dedicated voice of statistics. One survey has shown that of some 14,000 boys and girls the incidence of bronchitis, colds, and sore throats was more common in those who had their tonsils removed than in those who'd said "Boo" to the surgeon and kept their tonsils.

"Are you suggesting that the operation should never be permitted?" Mr Lawrence asked.

"Of course not," I said. "Sometimes the operation is necessary and the child is 100 percent better for it."

HOME NEXT DAY

Anyway, it's easier for children than adults to have the operation, isn't it?" asked Mr Lawrence.

He was right in that children go into hospital one day, have the operation the next, and are back home the day after. Usually — while grown-ups are generally in hospital for some 10 days. But the operation is no more complicated merely because one is older.

I thought of the reasons for allowing the operation to take place. Mouth breathing and snoring, in conjunction with a nasal voice and repeated attacks of tonsillitis or quinsy. Sometimes, too, impaired hearing may be a leading symptom or difficulty in swallowing.

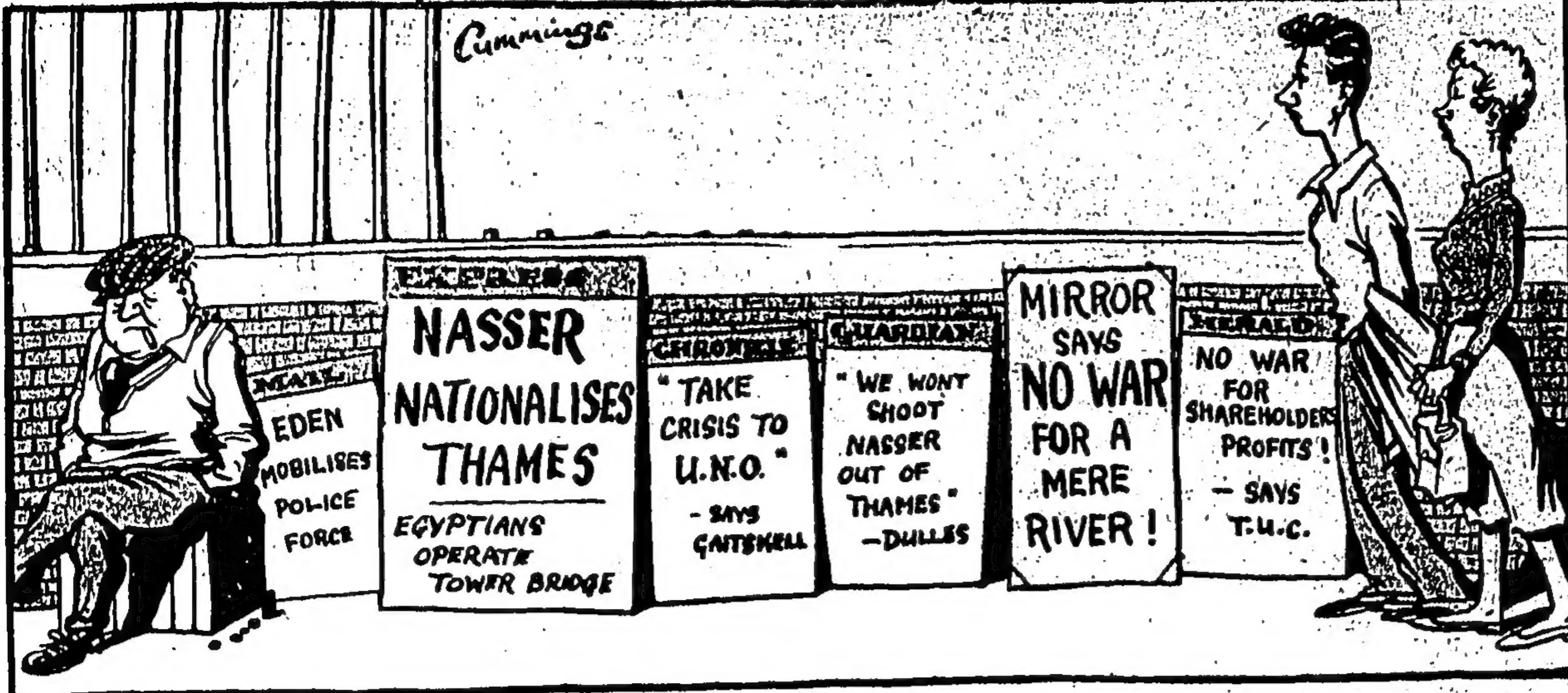
"Is it true," Mrs Lawrence asked, "that bad tonsils can affect a child's intelligence?"

Doctors believed at one time that tonsils could retard mental development. But now they know that this is as untrue as the idea that eating fat helps the brain to grow.

"Anyway," I said, "Jane seems pretty bright. Would you open your mouth and say 'Ah'?"

"Can't say it," she said, blinking and then she kept her mouth tightly shut.

"Can't say what?" I asked. "Ah?" she said.



WHEN HIS NEXT GREAT COUP ARRIVES

An Astonishing Experience In Ancient Verona

OPERA UNDER THE STARS

By SIR BEVERLEY BAXTER, MP

ON the shores of Lake Garda, in Italy, I am writing these lines. In some ways the setting is like Muskoka, although the lakes are larger. On the hills are ancient villas of stone and marble with gardens that slumber in the sun, and Cyprus trees that whisper to each other of the days when the Caesars used to come there for respite from the heat of Rome. The silvery grey of the hills blends with the turquoise blue of the waters. London seems thousands of miles away and America thousands of years.

At this moment, from the little balcony of our hotel, there is a babel of French, Italian and even German—but no English. The poor English are not here. They were on the winning side of the war and are still paying for it.

Two nights ago we motored to Verona, that ancient city where (according to Shakespeare) there were two gentlemen of considerable liveliness. Also it was in Verona that the star-crossed lovers, Romeo and Juliet, played out their pitiful tragedy which was destined for ever in the magic language of the Bard. In fact, Romeo's dwelling place is still there, but it is in a "No Entrance" street, and we had to give it a miss.

Verona, in fact, has a quite extraordinary fascination, for it blends yesterday and today into a perfect union. There is, for example, the great open air stadium, guarded by ancient crumbling walls, where on festive occasions Christians were thrown to the lions for the edification and entertainment of the emperors and the people.

And it was from this stadium that I received an invitation to bring myself and my party to an open air performance of Puccini's "La Tosca." I have seen much in my life but rarely anything more astonishing than the scene unveiled to our eyes on that night.

Imagine 25,000 people gathered in the vast uncovered stands (for there is never rain in Italy at the wrong time) and such an uproar of anticipatory excitement.

WE may be having our troubles, after a war that has swept away so much of our wealth and so much of our empire, but we are rich, powerful America is having her troubles too. And very dangerous some of them are.

For example, the racial war that is bubbling near to explosion, points in the Southern States. It was too strong a word. With tonight's opera, and the

ment as would make a Cup Final seem like a Quaker's conference.

As nine o'clock drew near—for that was zero hour for the performance—the people were shouting, in fact almost screaming with excitement. The lights shone on the long narrow orchestra pit, with its one hundred and fifty players. Dimly we could see the vast stage, which showed a street in Rome, the interior of a palace, the doors of a cathedral and the side streets leading to the spot.

It seemed so much, a setting as Rome itself with the front walls removed, if you know what I mean.

There was not a mis-spoken word, for the very good reason that there were none in use. This was Italy, the name of bel canto, where singing is as natural as speaking and representation is unknown.

But how would the conductor get silence from the shouting throng? Puccini it came like the smuffling out of a candle. The moment that the lights flashed the signal for silence and the conductor raised his baton for those crucial opening chords of Puccini's masterpiece, the excitement was as silent as an empty cathedral.

Admittedly the orchestra, despite its augmented numbers, could not give us the full depth of a concert hall or an opera house. It sounded in fact, like a superb gramophone record multiplied many times, yet lacking the tonal depth of the real thing. Then what would happen to the singers with no roof, but the star spangled sky and with the adjacent square of Verona offering avenues of escape to the tone?

Yet here was the paradox which soon made itself evident. Even if the tenor had possessed the loudest voice of all time he could not have split our ears in that vast open space, yet the sheer quality of the voice actually seemed enhanced.

It seemed pretty obvious that under these conditions the villainous Scarpia would steal the show, because the singer was no less a personage than Tito Gobbi, the greatest baritone

in the world. I repeat that it must have been obvious to everyone except the tenor, Franco Corelli, who had ideas of his own on the subject.

Franco Corelli must have a diaphragm that would withstand the blow of an iron bar. When he sang to B flat his diaphragm holds it like the base of a marble pedestal. His throat is wide open and is as relaxed as if it had nothing to do with the tone that was passing through it on its way to the stars.

"Bravos, Bravos," shouted the crowd—and none of your nonsense about no applause until the end of the act. If Corelli hit a high note of exceptional power, they cheered him as if he had scored the winning goal. It did not even need to be the end of an aria or even a phrase. Sometimes it would be a mere musical dialogue that would bring the cheers of the faithful.

Yet the crowd could change its mood as swiftly as the composer could alter his theme. For example, there was a passage where the soprano was singing so softly that it was difficult to hear her. Whereupon a peremptory voice from the crowd shouted "Forci!" This caused both approval and disapproval, and a dispute broke out as to whether she was doing it the right way or the wrong. Whereupon those who wanted to hear the singer instead of the argument shouted noisily for silence. Fortunately the soprano at that moment soared to a tremendous high note and was cheered by everyone.

It was nearing midnight when the last act opened, and on the stage before our eyes was a city asleep except for the villany in the hands of men. There was not a movement, not a sound in the great concourse. The tenor had been scoring points in the previous two rounds, but now his hour of supreme triumph had arrived.

Far away we heard his voice, soft, sad, yet so beautifully produced that it travelled across the stadium and floated over the rooftops of slumbering Verona.

The great crowd might have been figures on a painted frieze. What mattered the lateness of the hour? True, there was work to be done on the morrow in

Verona, but why bother about anything so mundane as that? The dirty work by the villainous Scarpia (now a corpse) was what mattered.

And it was at this point that Signor Corelli, the tenor, decided to steel the decision from the vanished Signor Gobbi, the champion baritone of the world. When Corelli soared to a B flat, he just refused to come down. What he was using for breath I do not know. There were screams and shouts of delight from the crowd, with bows from the tenor, and then a deadly hush as he was seen gathering breath for another flight to the stratosphere.

On the surface it was not unlike the excitement caused by the weeping crooner, Johnnie Ray, but underneath there was a world of difference. This vast crowd knew every note of "Tosca" and understood the superb control of the singer, who was flooding the very sides with the radiance of his voice.

So the performance came to an end, and we drove the thirty odd miles to Lake Garda, but not before the stadium director had invited us to be his guests on the next night when a stupendous production of "La Gioconda" would be performed. This time we would not have Signor Corelli, Nor Not For "La Gioconda" there would be no less a star than Signor Giuseppe di Stefano, Italy's prime tenor assoluto (or so it sounded to me) who is without challenge in the world.

So next night we returned to the same setting except that the crowd was larger by probably a couple of thousand.

I do not know what an Italian friend of mine in London had written to the management of the stadium, or whether it was the presence in our party of the daughter of Vivian Leigh and, therefore, the stepdaughter of Sir Laurence Olivier, but on each night we occupied the open royal box where Mussolini gave the Fascist salute to yelling mobs, and Roman emperors turned down their thumbs when the Christians had failed to give the lions sufficient amusement.

Unfortunately, there is a limit to human endurance, and at one a.m. we asked to be allowed to leave. The opera and spectacle, plus a special ballet, had another two hours to run, and despite these enticements and the glorious singing of young Signor di Stefano, the tenor, we felt that the hour of ignominious retreat had come.

"You will come again tonight?" the director asked. We thanked him profusely in a mixture of French, English and German, but said that tonight we would sleep if only for the novelty of it.

This morning I watched a dark, athletic young Italian, who is staying at this hotel, set off on water skis drawn by his very strong launch. Just as the skis came fast he shouted a farewell to some lady, perhaps his wife, and there was something strangely familiar in the timbre of his voice.

Yes—it was none other than the tenor who was singing at Verona last night. He looked as vigorous and fresh as if he had slept for hours instead of three minutes.

I am sorry I did not see Signor Corelli. But in the words of Shakespeare, "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; but, if it be missed, the whole will swiftly and most surely come to its fall."

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JOHN GORDON IN AMERICA

EXPLOSION POINT IN A RACIAL WAR

New York occupying towns and angry citizens prepared to raise riot at any moment, I hardly think so.

What a situation it is. In the United States there are roughly 10,000,000 Negroes. Practically every one of them can trace descent from a slave brought forcibly to the country.

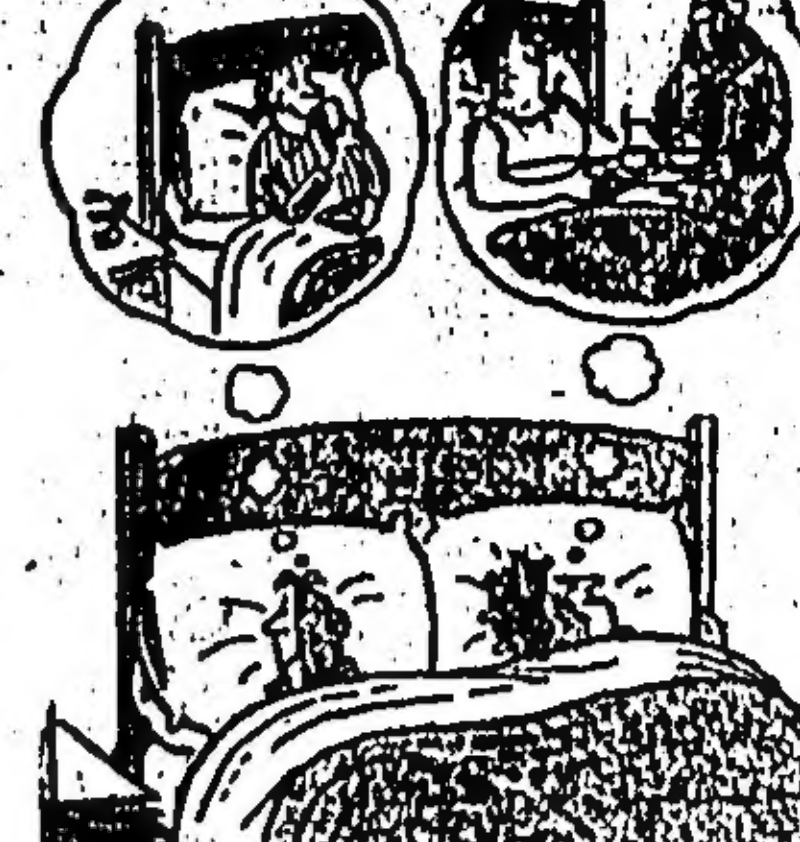
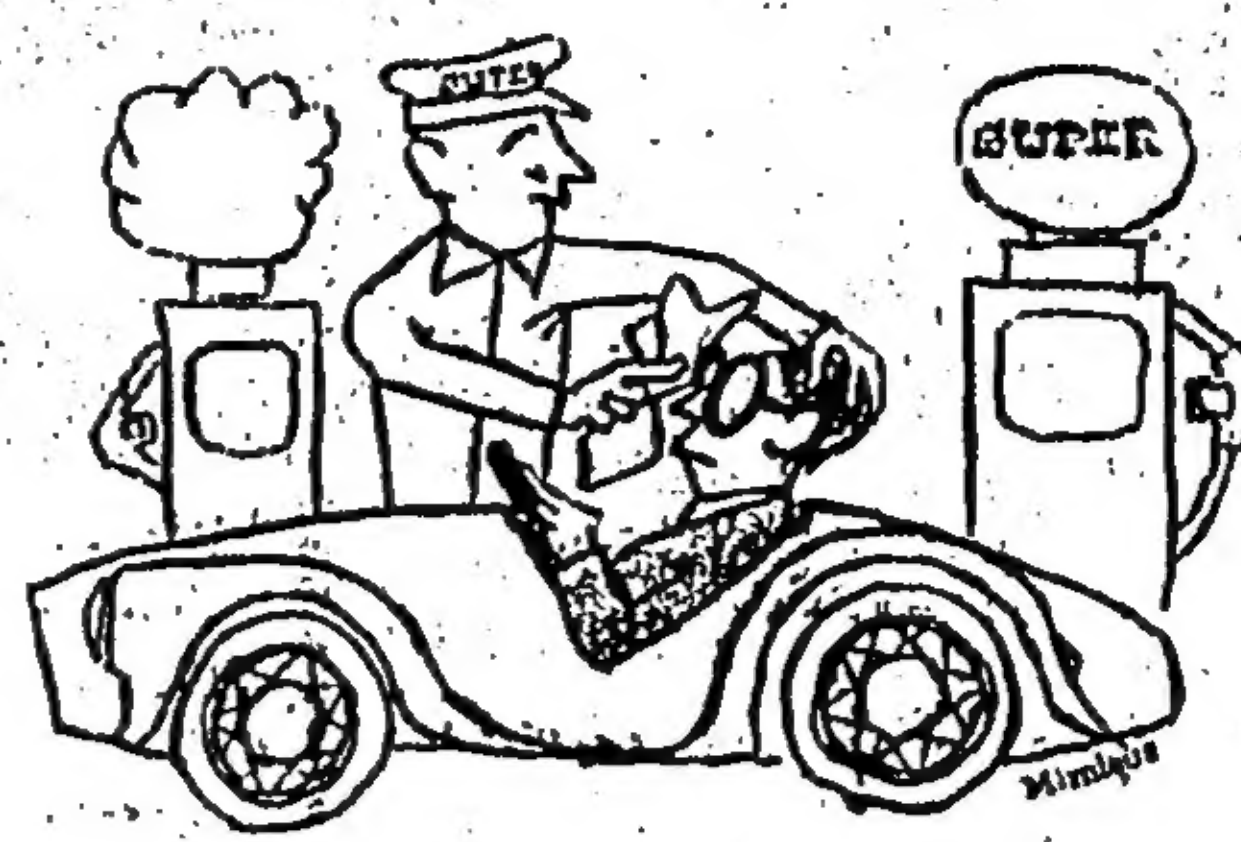
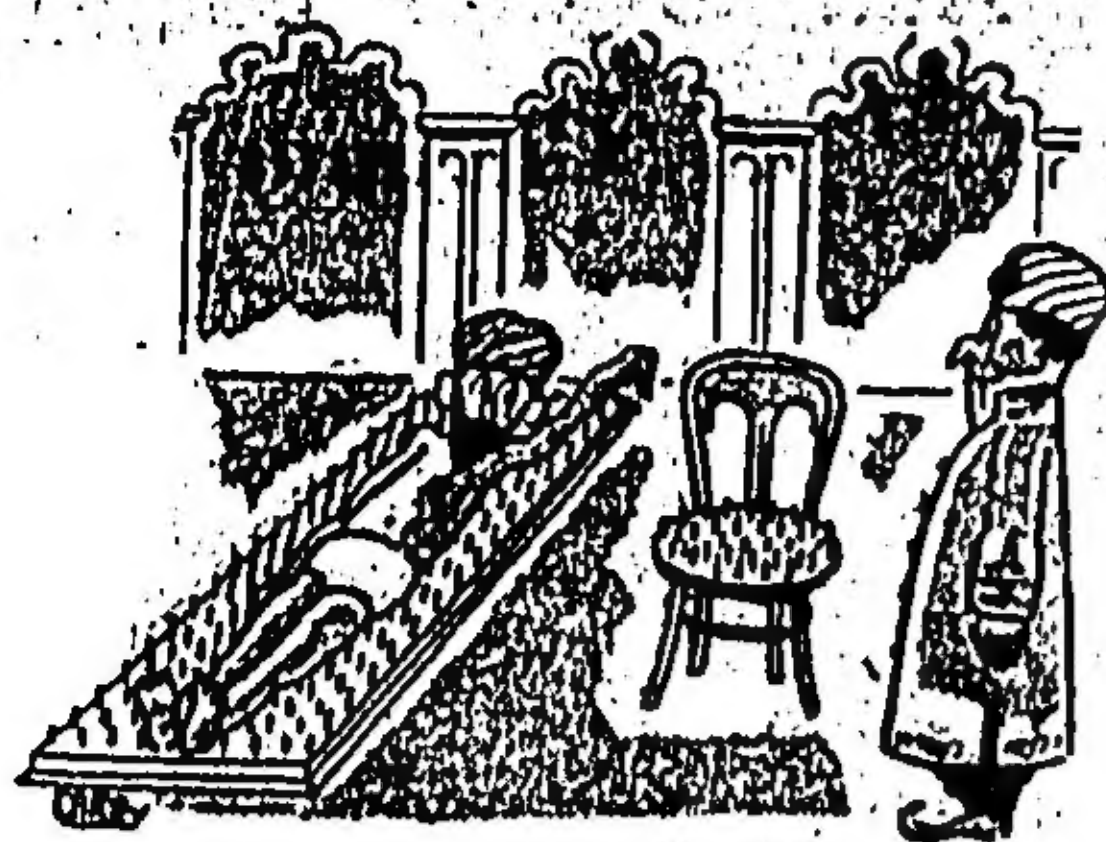
Criticism America for that great infancy if you wish, but don't forget that we were associated with America in 1945. We began that slave hunt in 1945. We began that slave hunt in 1945. We began that slave hunt in 1945.

Now, after all these years, America is wrestling with her conscience. As one step to righting the wrong that was done she has conferred full citizenship upon her Negroes.

They now have the same rights as white Americans. And as part of these rights the law decrees that there must be no longer be any discrimination in schools between white and black children.

In the tolerant North the problem is a comparatively easy one. In the South, the former slave States, I see there will be much more to be done.

ZANIES



Gambling With Power In Stalin's Empire

By JULIUS GOULD

THIS spring Mr. Khrushchev began his biggest and most dramatic gamble. Could Communist power be maintained in a "reformed" society? Or would the "reforms" in the USSR and its neighbours loosen the Party's hold?

The reforms were clearly necessary: naked force could no longer suppress the tensions of life under Communism. Yet the risks involved were great—as Mr. Khrushchev must have known at the time. How much more obvious are those risks today!

At no time is a tyranny more vulnerable than when it attempts its own reform. The Soviet State machine can take a great many knocks—it can even absorb the de-thronement of Stalin! But in the East European satellites the situation is somewhat different.

THEY REMEMBER

There are still men alive who remember freedom—who even hanker after social democracy. The State machines, having imposed a "revolution from above," are far from stable. The personal disclosures about Stalin have not raised the prestige of his satraps still in power in satellite Europe. Today, months after the Soviet Party Congress, Mr. Khrushchev must be counting his gains and losses.

The debt side of the account seems quite impressive. There has clearly been a weakening of State authority in Eastern Europe. It will not have escaped notice in Moscow that the Poznan rising came but a fortnight after a most severe purge of the Polish security corps, involving 500 dismissals and several hundred arrests. No police State can take such convulsions completely in its stride. The absence of security controls along the road from Warsaw to Poznan on the day of the rising bore eloquent witness to this breakdown and confusion.

The purge of the hated security police and the milder attitude of the regime have been taken, of course, as a sign of weakness. Not only in Poland, but in Czechoslovakia and Hungary, too, there have been powerful currents at work, above the surface and below.

In Poland, as is well-known, the social and intellectual ferment has been the most exciting. Long since the workers of Poznan were shouting for bread, the intellectuals of Warsaw were demanding greater freedom of the expression and exchange of ideas. A small dose of freedom works wonders: even Communist intellectuals ask for more!

THE LESSON

This was the lesson of the May meetings at which the requests of Czech students for freedom of academic expression were dismissed by First Deputy Premier Kopecky as "tendentious provocations." The intellectual excitement of Warsaw were deemed unavailable for Prague. The same zeal to protect young people from the strain of free discussion has been displayed in Hungary.

At work in Budapest had been a section of the official Youth Movement known as the "Petofi Circle" and there, too, liberties freely taken. So at the end of June—two days after the Poznan rising—the Hungarian Party leaders launched a special debate denouncing the circle's evening debates, at which, it seems, various writers had advanced "bourgeois counter-revolutionary" ideas.

So scandalous were the proceedings, apparently, that young people listened with enthusiasm to "malignant anti-Party views" received without protest "standards against important leaders" and, what was worse, they shouted down pious Party speakers.

The "important leaders" no doubt included Nikita Khrushchev—Party boss and Moscow agent. For the Party decree named at the centre of the Petofi scandals "a group formed around Imre Nagy," former Prime Minister and advocate of softer policies, whom Khrushchev supplanted a year ago.

Clearly, the Hungarian Party bosses are frightened of free discussion, and they already have good reason for anxiety. Khrushchev, who for years had survived all threats to his power, has now fallen and although Gero, his successor, has a reputation for toughness, the future pattern of events in Hungary is at present anybody's guess.

CALCULATED RISK

These are some results of Khrushchev's springtime gamble—the calculated risk he chose to take. Can he succeed—or will events outpace him? His Central Committee's reaction to the Poznan riots was simply to repeat the formula that "Western agents and spies" had been at work. It displayed little insight or originality.

In Khrushchev's path stand many forces—the impatient hunger of the workers, the vested interests of the satellite leaders, the critical impulses of the younger generation. These forces pull in many directions. Can they combine? And if they do, what will become of Stalin's empire in Eastern Europe?

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Eikberg... "I want to ACT."

SURVEYS SOME NOTABLE SEASIDE SCENERY OF 1956—A DUO IN ITALY...

A SHOW OF SPIRIT by Miss EKBERG

by Logan Gourlay

THEY were the first sight which greeted my travel-weary eyes when I entered the large marble-pillared foyer of Genoa's leading hotel.

Anita Ekberg and Anthony Steel were draped amorously on a sofa.

They were probably demonstrating to the world that they are still happy and affectionate after three months of marriage. (Any way they're still married.)

They could not only be seen but they could be heard all over the foyer. Their voices bounced loudly off the marble pillars.

"They shouted at me: 'Come over and have a drink,' I went."

Mr Steel slapped me on the back and said: "Why have you come to this awful dump? Now I know why Christopher Columbus left!"

'TELL ME WHY'

Miss Ekberg made room for me on the sofa on her left flank (her husband of course took the right) and got down to personal matters: "Why did the press louse up our marriage? Tell me, why?"

She meant, I supposed, the chaotic, unceremonious, uncivil, civil ceremony in Florence's town hall.

I said I didn't think she could blame the press entirely for that.

"What about the damned photographers?" said Miss Ekberg, who has become what ever she is today by being photographed—on screen often than on—in provocative, pneumatic poses.

She cooled her ire about photographs with a sip of vodka and orange juice.

Mr Steel made an announcement defiantly and loud enough to be heard on the top floor of the hotel. "Well, we're still happily married. I adore my beautiful wife."

"Isn't he wonderful?" said she. "You'll never guess what he was doing the other night when I got back to the hotel from work."

"I wouldn't try," I said. "He was getting everything ready for the laundry—a pile of my lingerie on one side and his own silk shirts on the other. He's the best husband in the world. We're very much in love."

WONDERFUL

I didn't argue, but they were determined to demonstrate their burning love.

They went into a clench and kissed passionately. The sofa creaked. I looked away; I was beginning to feel like a voyeur, a boudoir interloper.

Two hotel guests sitting near by left hurriedly.

Mr Steel disentangled himself and called for more refreshment from the bar.

He rose and picked up an enormous china vase from a table. Smiling playfully he heaved it in my direction.

I managed to hold it when it landed in my lap. Miss Ekberg, who was sitting next to me, said: "Wouldn't you rather I was in your lap?"

Mr Steel said: "Now, now, keep your arm round the vase. Don't touch my wife."

HER INTERESTS

I said I had no designs on Miss Ekberg or the vase. I gave the vase to a porter who had been sent to protect hotel property.

Three guests who had been watching from the other side of the foyer left for the safety of their rooms. I looked after them enviously and inquired about the professional career of Miss Ekberg, who was in Italy on location for a new film.

Mr Steel said: "I've just come along for the ride. But it's just as well I'm here to protect Anita's interests."

He made it clear that he didn't think much of Victor Mature, who is her leading man in the film.

"A lot of these Hollywood leading men are full of hot air," said Mr Steel.

He danced around the sofa throwing punches in a display of shadow boxing, which was meant, I gathered, to show how deft a Hollywood leading man full of hot air.

Mr Steel is an ex-Guardsman and amateur boxer. I asked him if he was likely to become a leading man himself in Hollywood, where he was living recently with his wife.

OFFERS

"I've had lots of offers from the leading studios but nothing's definitely settled yet. Course I still have that contract with the Rank Organisation at home, but I'm not sure I'll sign it."

Three signorinas approached, smiled sweetly, and held out their autograph books. While Miss Ekberg was signing a book she noticed that it was filled with photographs of a Hollywood leading man. None of her.

She screamed: "What's this? Why should I sign this book?"

She hissed disdainfully at one of the photographs, and threw the book back. The signorina fled. Mr Steel said: "Quite a girl, eh? She's got spirit."

Miss Ekberg put her hand, which could not be described as petite, over his mouth and said: "Shhh. I want to talk."

"It's not that I don't like signing autographs. I were always doing it in London." (She still does Swedish screen-tests occasionally with English verbs.)

"But now I do not sign autographs when I am working on the set."

"After all, would the Prime Minister of England... would Winston Churchill stop the work in the Houses of Parliament to sign autographs. Would he?"

"No." She adjusted her tight green jeans and crossed her legs, which are longer than a Churchillian cigar, and more shapely.

Mr Steel got a word in: "Anita's career is going very well. I'm proud of her. People make fun of her English and her accent. But they're improving all the time."

(So far her film appearances have been brief ones—with dubbed voices—in poor films, but she will shortly be seen in two epics, "War and Peace" and "Zarak Khan.")

Miss Ekberg took over: "I'm serious about my work. I am god up posing for the chessboard pictures. That's nothing. Now I want to act."

She waved her arm in an histrionic gesture. Unfortunately she knocked over a drink on the table and the contents spilled over Mr Steel's blue sports trousers.

'LIKE AN OAF'

He stood up looking like a chastised, shamed little boy. She said: "Go and change, darling. You look disgraceful."

He went upstairs and she followed. Fifteen minutes later he came back wearing an unstained pair of cream sports trousers. He was alone. She had probably stayed behind to start the major operation of packing her 11 pieces of luggage for their return to London.

Several hours later—around three in the morning—she was still downstairs in the foyer, braiding the lift boy because "he stared like an oaf at my lovely wife," and teaching the porters how to salute like Guardsmen.

"They're no good, these people. Never make soldiers of them. One Guardsman could like care of 5000 of them."

He offered to teach me how to salute like a Guardsman. I said: "No, thanks."

"You're no good. You can't fall out."

Mr Steel went upstairs. Presumably to teach his wife how to salute.

(COPYRIGHT)

A PATINO ESTATE GOES UP FOR SALE

UP for public auction next week goes one of the world's most fabulous relics of the Victorian era. It is the immense property known as the Chateau Valrose, located on the hills overlooking Nice.

It includes a massive 19th-century chateau, hideous beyond belief, a smaller chateau, a private theatre, an enclosed winter garden, an amphitheatre for orchestral recitals, a Russian chalet, stables, huge parks covered with palm trees, cedars, pine trees and orange and olive trees, and finally—a choice detail—"a reconstruction of a Greek temple in ruins."

All this was once the property of Simon Patino, founder of the great Bolivian tin fortune. It has not been lived in since his death, and it is being put up for sale by his son, Antonio Patino, and four other direct heirs under his will.

This is one of three Patino properties in France in the process of being sold. A Victorian mansion on the Avenue Foch has already been sold for \$245,000. It will be pulled down and a block of flats built on the site.

Then there are Patino's estates—probably the most splendid in Europe—which are also going up for auction.

ALL UNUSED

As all these properties were unused since Simon's death there is a considerable loss of value. The estate on the Avenue Foch was a complete loss with Patino's death. The same is true of the other two estates.

process of establishing a legal residence in Mexico.

His wife's lawyers in Paris believe that a reason for the move may be that Senor Patino intends to apply for a Mexican divorce from his wife. As soon as this news became known the lawyers began to sharpen their wits for yet another stage in the 10-year-old legal battle between Patino and his Spanish-born wife, who was formerly the Duchess of Dural.

The battle has been fought in New York and Paris.

BLOCKED ASSETS

THE last judgment in New York ordered Senor Antonio Patino to pay his wife \$30,000 a year. The last verdict of the Paris High Court declares her entitled to half her husband's income and estates. Pending further litigation in the case, the court ordered an inventory of Patino's possessions in Paris and ruled that his assets here should be blocked pending further appeal.

One result has been that Senor Patino has contested a gift her husband made to the Louvre, pointing out that while she approved the gift, it should be described as a joint gift and not one offered solely by Senor Patino.

Senor Patino opposes divorce both because she is a Roman Catholic and because, having been married under Bolivian law, she can claim half his fortune. It is not known whether Senor Patino has made any attempt to secure a Papal annulment of the marriage.

It has been said that Senor Patino still has a youthful and beautiful wife, lives there in a palace, and is surrounded by a large staff.

Senor Patino, still a youthful and beautiful man, lives there in a palace, and is surrounded by a large staff.

PARIS NEWSLETTER FROM SAM WHITE

every possible action her husband might make.

ARMY LIFE

CAZE down from Alexander III bridge along the Seine and an enviable sight meets the eye. There, moored by the Quai d'Orsay, is a 125ft. two-mast motor yacht, and standing beside it on the quay is an elegant, plum-coloured 1955 Mercedes.

Who is the fabulously rich man who owns these desirable properties? I went down to investigate and made a surprising discovery. The owner is Surgeon-major John Yates of the United States army, stationed at SHAPE.

Yates has been in the army for 16 years and has only four more years to serve. He bought the yacht, he says, as an investment against his retirement. He aims to carry out improvements to it and then let it out on charter in Florida and the Bahamas.

He will sail it back to Florida when he is posted back to the States and is already engaged in getting army approval for time off against leave for the 40-day voyage across.

'I SAVED'

I ASKED Yates how he had managed to save so much money out of his pay. Said Yates in his slow drawl: "Well, I have been kinda lucky. I have always played a little crap and a little poker, and I saved my money. My wife works for the army too, and earned a bit. I saved my money by staying out of jobs."

"The only money I spend is on an occasional coffee in a canteen."

QUOTE...

UNITED States all magazine Charles Wrightman: The trouble with the British is that they won't work. That is the trouble with Hallans too. I know I have just come back from Venice.

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The famous Alhambra music hall is to be renamed the Maurice Chevalier theatre in honour of Chevalier's 58th birthday.

(COPYRIGHT)

JOHNNY HAZARD



this situation calls for a San Miguel

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

The New Autumn Outfit Goes With Different Accessories

By Joy Matthews

SWAYING into autumn come the new suits. Some, like the one in the picture, aren't suits at all, but dresses and jackets. What's new about them? What makes them the look for autumn-winter 1956-1957?

First, it's a soft look—without being a dressmaker look. The jacket is too sharply defined. The line is too crisp. The whole thing is lacking in the gathers and gores that marked the old-time dress and jacket.

★ ★ ★

Secondly, the fabric is smooth. Gone are the bulky, tubby tweeds that were had thrust down our throats for two—or is it three—years. Some are made in checked and tartan tweeds. But the skirts are always soft enough to pleat without looking bulky.

Thirdly, they do away with the idea that you have to have a suit made to measure for it to be a success.

With their wide, full skirts, tiny waists, and loose, unfitted jackets and standaway collars, there is no need to waste time on two or three fittings or money on expensive alterations. For the first time in years we can be fast-fashionable, we can be practical, we can be comfortable—AND we can please the man. Paris has come to us with a fashion that fits the times.

We've all hated wearing those tight skirts that we're told to pull up when we sit down, to avoid seating. We've all protested we liked the fitted jackets that never fitted unless they were built by a master hand. And we've all either hated that backward look at the "twenties" or worn it with apologies to our men friends.

SNOB WATCH

FROM TV to little I in suede shoes to semi-I in been snob-watching for years, and I've found snobbery confined to the debs and dowagers.



IT'S PLAIN AND GOOD... DON'T SPOIL IT

Expert says the wife plays an important role in her husband's success... and

It's Disastrous When The Wife Competes With The Employer

ONE top management consultant says too many of today's women are innocently, but quite effectively, keeping their husbands from developing into executives.

They're doing it by insisting that a man's leisure time be devoted to odd jobs around the house or hauling the family to a beach or picnic grounds, says Jack Klein, head of the Klein Aptitude Testing Institute.

"And," said Klein, "if the husband argues that he ought to be catching up on some of his office work at home, the wife answers, 'Well, why don't you get a job where you don't have to work so hard?'"

"She wants him to get the increases in salary, but she doesn't want him to spend the time and do the work involved. The wife is competing with the employer."

Klein's 14-year-old firm, through a series of interviews

and tests, helps companies decide which man should be in what job.

"If a man is to get ahead in business, he must have some of his leisure time for self-improvement," Klein continued. "He may not have trouble landing that other job now, but at the time comes when a company has to cut back, his head is the first to fall."

Klein said the wife isn't the only culprit. America's increased leisure time, especially since World War II, also is to blame. "We have so many new outlets for our leisure, so many temptations," he pointed out.

He said that most of the women guilty of holding their husbands back are doing so without malice—"they just don't think."

Women "do not visualize the future as a man does," he continued. "They look to today and tomorrow. Not to what a man's devotion to a job may mean to the whole family 10 years hence."

CASE HISTORIES

Klein said some men have rebelled against the lawn-mower and the gardening tools after office hours, "but only a few have the strength to do it. Most of them just give up after a while."

Klein said a wife's role in her husband's success is so important that most large companies now interview her, too, when they are hiring a new executive, or moving an employee to a top post.

The Institute's files are full of case histories in which a wife's reluctance to move to a new city has kept her husband from getting ahead. Yet, there are others in which the wife was fully aware of the part she must play. One wife started studying Spanish the minute she heard her husband might be in line for a bigger job in South America with his oil company employer.

Klein's advice to the little woman is: "If your husband wants to better himself, see that you and the kids let him use some of his spare time to do it."

We asked Klein about his own success, whether his wife, Toni, was a helpmate. "You bet she is," said Klein. "She's a partner in the job."



A demure frock in black lace, from the Jacques Fath salon. It has a striped bodice and flared skirt, accented with a black waist belt. (Aptitude Testing Institute)



MORE MONEY THAN TASTE

1 She buys the latest and most expensive hat. Adds a bit of pearls—eight rows at least—the newest whip-handled umbrella. ALL seen in the glossy magazines—and wears them ALL.



YOUNG AS YOU AREN'T

2 She's taking a new look at herself in a cloth cloche. She's adding a bevy of bracelets. She's given herself the dressed-up look with a splash of silk violets. Take another look.



THE PERFECT LADY

3 She's terrified of not looking her class. She must have the uniform of the half-hat, the peep-toe shoes, the "good-looking" bag. To show her husband is doing well—the fur wrap.

Hauling in the latest snobbery I hear that I'm not all right if I have sweet or pudding. I must have cheese or fruit. I mustn't show off my roses—only my dahlias. I must drink vodka martini instead of gin. I mustn't have handkerchiefs for the baby—or allow my husband to show the tiniest bit of handkerchief in his breast pocket.

And whatever I do I must not send my friends postcards from Margate or Majorca when I'm on holiday. It's letters or nothing.

Snobberies in other spheres of life come from: Frank Lauder, film director, who

gives away the film foibles: "The greatest snobbery in the film world now is to say that the stage is far, far more important than films. A film is sordid commerce. The stage is the rage."

★ ★ ★

"An actor will act in the theatre today even in the smallest part. But when it comes to the film—it must be Richard III or he won't play."

Kenneth More, who has a crack at the critics: "The greatest theatrical snobs are the critics. They send people to see

to Bernard Shaw or Bert Brecht. They don't like comedies. They give the kiss of death to the sort of play that thousands of people really want to see."

Elizabeth David, cookery expert, frowns at the latest food fashion: "The 'barbecue snobbery' seems absolutely ludicrous to me. Barbecue cooking is essentially out-of-door cooking. But in order to get in on the barbecue binge the English prepare everything indoors—and then take it out of doors and eat it under an umbrella."

John Cavanagh, dress designer, tells us the inside dress snobbery: "One works in a shop. Not a salon, not a saloon, not a showroom. Whenever I say I'm off to the shop, people stare. But that's what it must be called. And, of course, we make dresses. Never frocks, gowns, creations, or mantles."

American Women Are Recontouring At A Record Rate

New York. WE are recontouring ourselves at a record rate. The loss in our girth, in a matter of inches, is well above the multi-million mark annually.

It might seem impossible, considering how hard one woman works to get off one inch, but figures (statistical kind) show it's true. One firm of medical research consultants estimates that 1/3 of our adult population now indulges each year in some attempt at recontouring.

VARIOUS MEANS

This means either dieting, exercising, massage or one of the mechanical devices available. Recontouring, incidentally, is the newest and most ladylike way of saying you're trying to get back your old shape.

Just to check one area of recontouring progress, we visited a Fifth Avenue salon where women, plus a few men, stream in and out daily to try and get slim the easy way. Most of them walk out carrying trim aluminum cases, which contain the rubber pads, electric wires and dials that produce the re-shaping effect.

"Are you a user?" we asked Robert Ressler, vice-president of Relaxator, Inc., and the man in charge of the pink-pointed salon.

"Before I wear my tuxedo," he admitted, "I take off a couple inches when I know I'm going to be wearing it. Otherwise the jacket's too tight."

MEN ARE MORE AVID

Most of the women who come in, Ressler said, want to do something about their hips or their waistlines. The majority are between 35 and 45 years old. Only approximately eight percent of the clients here and in other cities where the muscle stimulating machines are sold are men.

"When a man does get interested," Ressler said, "we find he is usually more avid about losing inches than a woman is."

Many of the people who walk into the salon for information look surprisingly slim. At first Ressler thought they were "dummies." They didn't know they were in a special area. They

take the muscle stimulating machines home for daily use.

"We find there is no such thing as an average figure," Ressler said. "It is impossible to say that a woman of one height should have certain measurements. It depends on the woman."

Dieting causes other women to search for some simple way to tighten flabby areas and trim off bulges. They lose as much as 20 pounds and find they still need recontouring.

"The devices to assist in recontouring are largely a development of the last decade," said Ressler, whose company has become a multi-million dollar corporation in that time. "Figure maintenance is becoming a major national industry." —United Press.

Fashionettes

LIKE pastel colours, print dresses are becoming 12-month fashions. Many designers showed printed silk and satin dresses along with their winter tweed suits this year.

The latest print promoter is the designer for Hatlie Carnegie. The custom clothes created under the name of the late fashion leader were shown recently, including an entire group of evening prints.

Short and long evening dresses can bloom with everything from zinnias to lilacs, something that used to be considered proper only in the spring. The printed materials most often are heavy taffeta or satin.

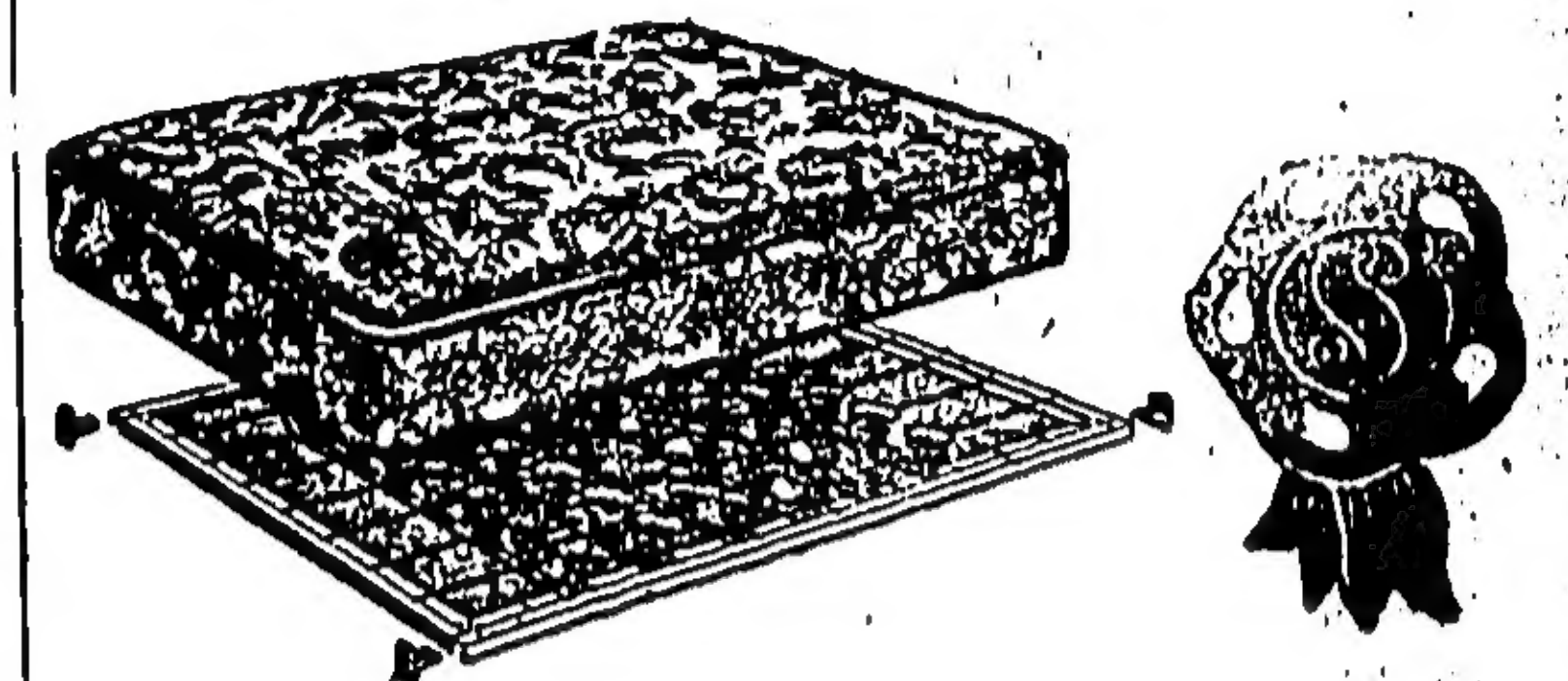
The increasing number of back-plunging necklines has caused a reshaping in the brassiere industry. Women are buying more and more back-brassieres than ever before, the Corset and Brassiere Association reports. And it's a strictly 20th century engineering feat to design a brassiere that stays up in front and down in back.

Green is the most popular new colour in sport clothes. Shirts, shorts, slacks, coats and separates come in a mossy green called joden green for this season only.

One designer green featured a bell gown in loopy green chiffon trimmed with big bows.



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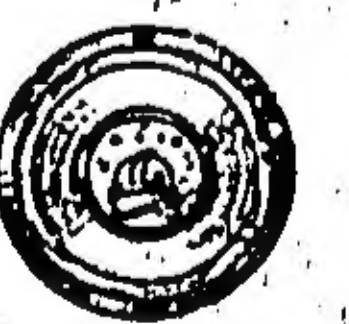
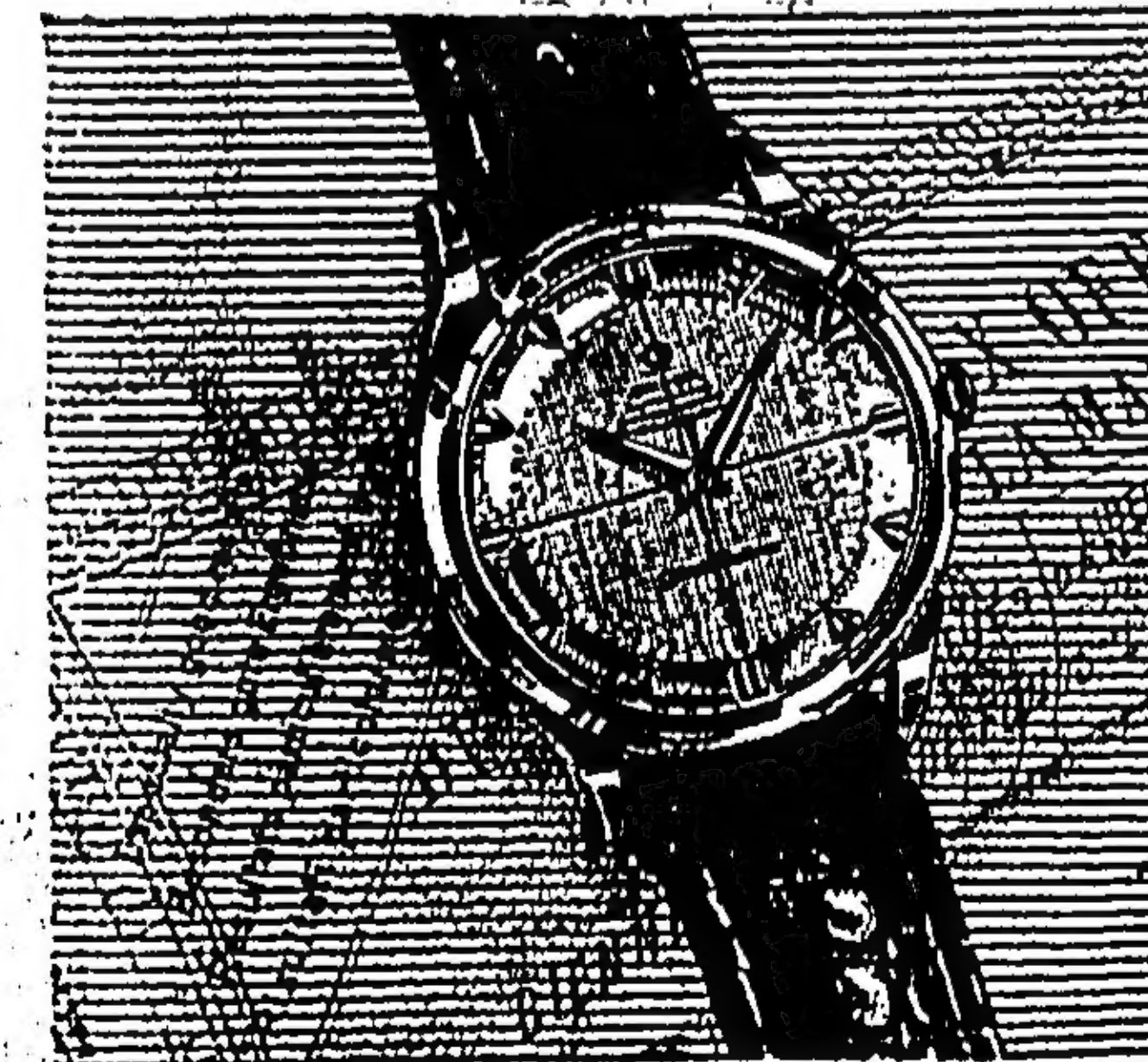
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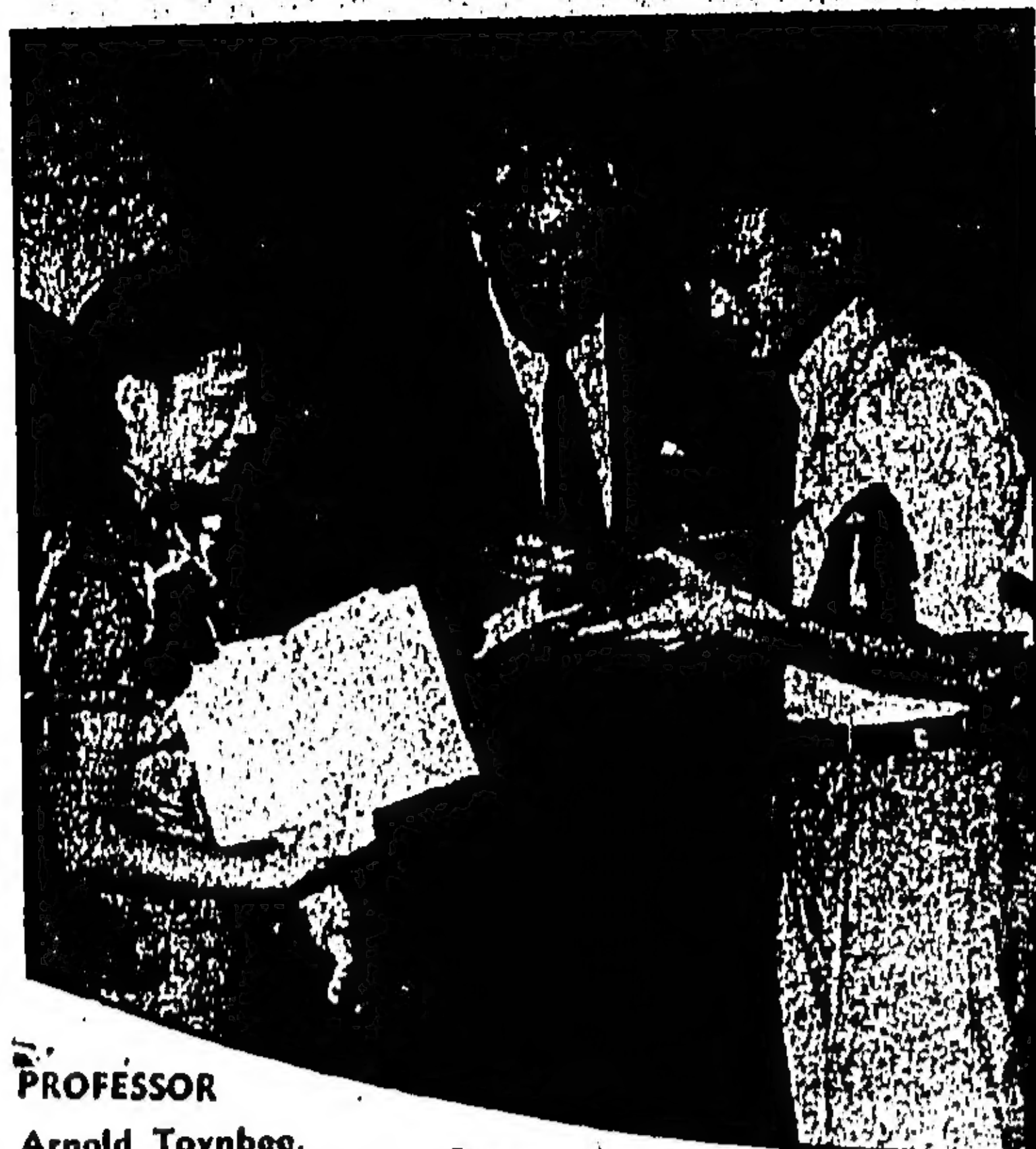


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PROFESSOR
Arnold Toynbee, the noted historian, obligingly autographs copies of his books for students who attended the lecture he gave at the Hongkong University on Wednesday. (Staff Photographer)



LT-GEN.
B. M. Bryan, Commanding General, U.S. Army, Pacific, speaking to reporters at Kai Tak Airport on his arrival here on Wednesday. (Staff Photographer)



GROUP picture taken at the close of season meeting and prize presentation of the Ladies' Section (Deep Water Bay) of the Royal Hongkong Golf Club. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Brigadier F. C. C. Graham, Deputy Commander, Land Forces, congratulating WOI (RSM) F. Edwards after presenting him with the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal at the annual administrative inspection held at Victoria Barracks. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Wedding at the Registry on Tuesday of Mr Woo Po-shing and Miss Fong Shuet-fun. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: At the opening of the new YMCA Hostel in Tonkin Street, Shumshulpo. Mr L. P. Kwok, President of the Chinese YMCA, presenting a souvenir to Mrs Chan Tak-tai, one of the donors. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Petty Officer Wren F. Brown, HKWVNR, receiving from Mrs L. T. Ride, wife of the Commandant of the Royal Hongkong Defence Force, the Hongkong Women's Volunteer Forces rifle championship trophy. (Staff Photographer)



JACQUELINE PAMELA LEONG, only child of Mr and Mrs Lawrence Leong, celebrated her ninth birthday with a party for 50 friends. Photo shows Jackie blowing out the candles on her birthday cake, shaped in the figure of the numeral 9. (Francis Wu)



A St John Ambulance Brigade team taking part in the annual Turner Shield Competition at St John Headquarters on Thursday. (Staff Photographer)



A young helper selling a flower during the Po Leung Kuk's street drive last Saturday for funds to help distressed women and children. (Staff Photographer)



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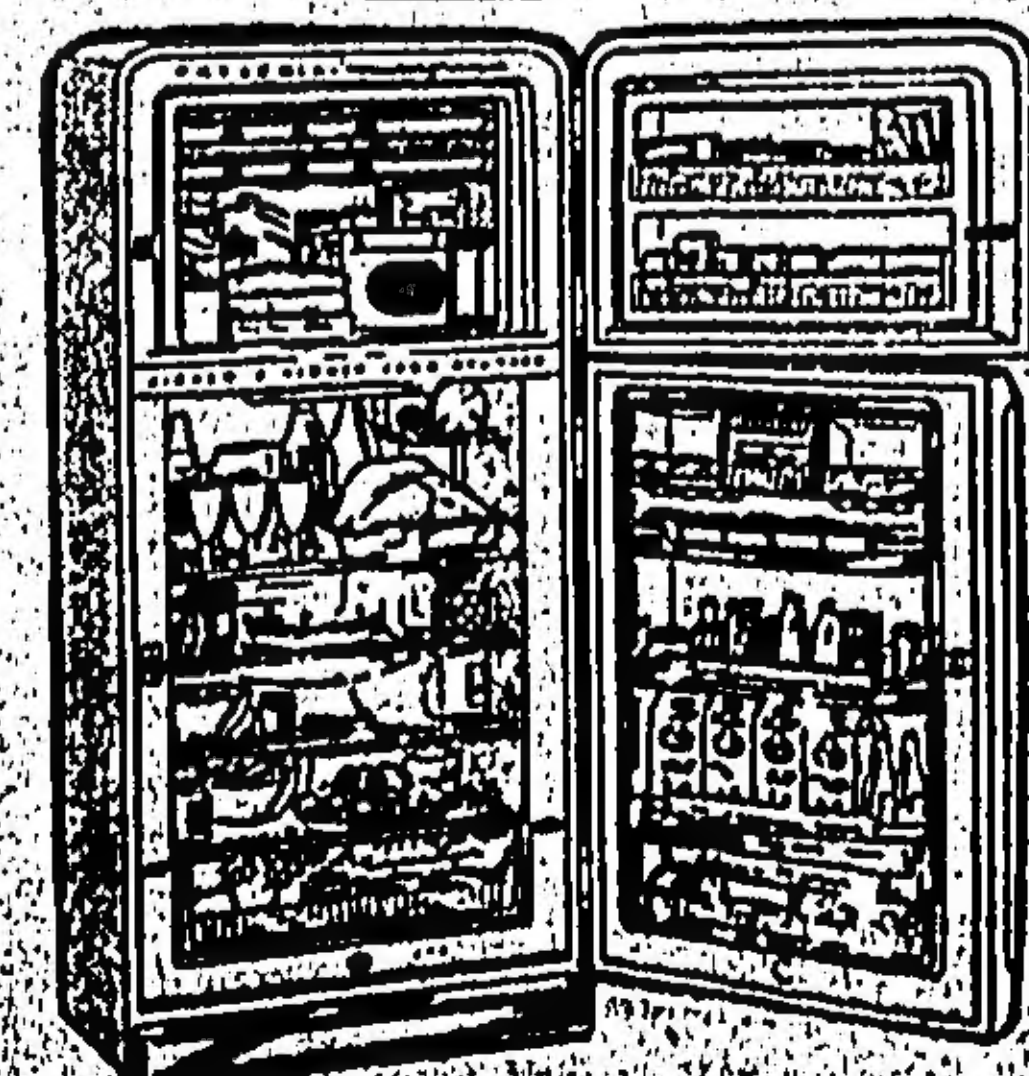
LEFT: Christening at St Andrew's Church last Sunday of Jean Anne, infant daughter of Mr and Mrs F.G.W. Jeavons. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Queen's College and St Joseph's College old boys who played in a friendly lawn bowls match last week at the Indian Recreation Club. Queen's old boys won by 64 shots to 47 on two of nine. (Staff Photographer)



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LEFT: Miss Elizabeth Agnes Mary Perry, daughter of Mr and Mrs A. E. Perry, and Lieutenant George Michael Fleetwood, RA, leaving St Joseph's Church after their wedding. (Staff Photographer)

DOUBLE christening at St Peter's Church of Helen, daughter of Mr and Mrs P. F. Malpas, and Howard Trevor, son of Mr and Mrs D. D. Malpas. (Ming Yuen)



MRS M. J. P. Hogan, wife of the Chief Justice, with little Miss Janice Long, who presented her with a bouquet of flowers after she had launched the new ferry, Man Foon, at the Hongkong Shipyard. (Staff Photographer)

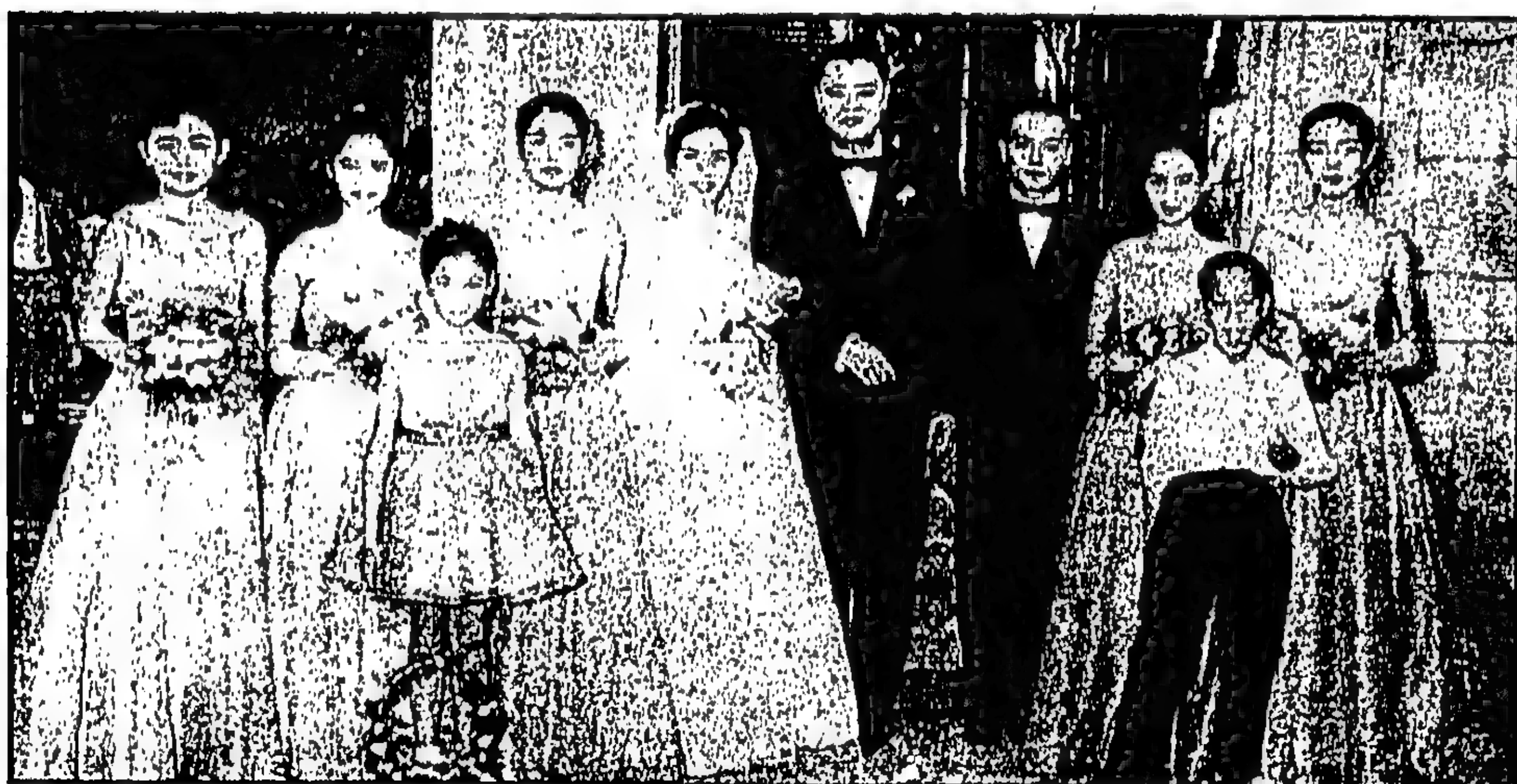


SCENE at the annual general meeting, held at the Helena May Institute on Thursday, of the Hongkong Council of Women. Addressing the gathering is Mrs R. T. Eng, who presided. (Staff Photographer)

MR R. A. Kidd, who has been Acting British Consul in Macao for several months, Mrs Kidd and their child leaving for Hongkong in the ss Fatshan en route to the United Kingdom. (Chung Kwong)



MR Robert C. Ayers, newly appointed Vice-President of American International Assurance Co., Ltd., and his family mor on their arrival at Kai Tak. Mr Ayers, third from left, will be stationed in Hongkong.



MRS Kalpana Surtani, accomplished Indian classical dance expert, and her pupil, Kiki Rasmussen, who has just returned to school in England.



ENJOYING themselves at the St Joseph's Old Boys' Association dance held at the Craigengower Cricket Club last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)

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MR and Mrs Emile Hui Bon Hoa and their attendants make a charming group outside St Margaret's Church after their wedding. The bride is the former Miss Belinda Kit Hing Chan. (Ming Yuen)



THE Director of Medical and Health Services, Dr the Hon. K. C. Yee, examining an item closely at the "Pharmacy Week" exhibition at the Chinese General Chamber of Commerce. (Staff Photographer)



MRS Pang Ping-yan distributing prizes at the conclusion of the first annual swimming gala sponsored by the Hong Kong Life Guard Club at the Chinese Swimming Pool. (Staff Photographer)

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THE PRINCESS TO FILM TOUR WITH HER OWN CAMERA

London. PRINCESS MARGARET, who set off on her tour of East Africa last Friday, packed a cine camera as one of her most important items of luggage.

She will herself film all the highlights of the tour in colour. Her lady-in-waiting, Miss Irla Peake, will take pictures of the Princess.

Enough film is being taken to make a 45-minute picture-reel. This will be shown to the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh in the private cinema at Buckingham Palace.

Miss Peake told me: "I hope I do better than on the Coronation tour. The only thing I was told to do was photograph the home-coming of the Princess at London Airport. I took a lot of pictures, but it came out as a blur!"

ROYAL BARBECUE

I HEAR Prince and Princess Margaret are having a royal barbecue at Balmoral. Despite the bad weather, a private barbecue was organised on the moors towards Luss Muick.

The Queen, her two children, Princess Margaret, and the Queen Mother, dined on the barbecue which the Queen and her sister-in-law in law.

Out on the moors Prince Margaret, joined by Prince Charles, set up the barbecue. It was a draught-proof, open, stone and brick affair.

While this was going on, the Duke of Edinburgh sat on his knees on the loch.

Princess Margaret, and her mother did the cooking. The Queen and Princess Anne laid the picnic table and set out the food.

The Duke of Edinburgh arrived hungry. He was given fried sausages, potatoes, and hot coffee.

SOLDIER'S WIFE

I MET Lady Temper as her husband, the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, was opening a "British Soldier" exhibition in Albemarle Street.

She was still nursing a "slipped disc" in the neck, the result of a car accident. She was wearing a chin support.

She told me breezily: "It's the latest thing in neckties. But don't ask me if it's comfortable, or I'll say it's the acme of coziness—like Hell!"

She said she is looking for a hat to match the flesh-coloured plastic support. "It must be high because I have to walk with my head in the air."

There's a soldier's wife!

POSH PIGEONS

NOW when do you think the Trafalgar Square pigeons go home? I found out the other day.

They live in the elegant bombed-out shell of Sir Dennis

laur Burney's house in Carlton House Terrace, within a short walk of Trafalgar Square.

The pigeons perch on ornate Regency pillars, raise their families on the parquet floor of the former ballroom, scuttle in and out of billiard rooms and servants' quarters.

Sir Dennis, who designed the R100 airship and now lives in Belgrave, is happy about the pigeons.

He told me: "The house was a lovely place while we were there. We converted it into a small flat. And then a bomb hit the house early in the war. We were out of town."

I asked Crown Land and no one has been able to think of a use for it except the pigeons!"

NYE by WINSTON

WOULD you like to hear a new Churchill story? I was having a word with William Griffiths, M.P. for Manchester, last night.

He told me that in the afternoon of the last day of the Suez debate he found himself in a room with Sir Winston in the House, smoking room.

Churchill came to Griffiths, who was unknown to him. The two went into a room.

"What's your name?"

"Griffiths, Sir."

"And what party do you represent?"

"I'm a Socialist."

"Really, what kind?"

"The one old friend and supporter of Mr. Aneurin Bevan."

"Ah," said Churchill, "I'll tell you a secret. He is a man of tremendous courage and I admire him for it. The trouble is he is in the wrong place."

THE MOUSE MAN

I WENT mouse-spotting at an exhibition of paintings by 40-year-old Terence Cunio. His trademark is a mouse.

Most of the paintings showed men at work in nickel mills. But always there was a mouse in the picture.

Mr Cunio is best known for his painting of the Mansion House lunch for the Queen after her Commonwealth tour.

Even in that there was a small mouse on the top table raising a tiny glass.

Princess Margaret once spent 10 minutes trying to find that loyal mouse. She failed.

Said Mr Cunio: "A maker of furniture used to carve a small mouse on all his pieces. I got the idea from him. Now I always include the little fellow in all my pictures."

I HEAR THAT

THE full-length bronze statue of Dame Margot Fonteyn by sculptor Maurice Lambert—a drawing at the Royal Academy—will go to Covent Garden Opera House in October.

It will probably be placed in the foyer. But it will remain the property of the Royal Academy.

The Annigoni painting of Dame Margot was returned by the Academy last week to Dame Margot's home in Thurloe Place, Kensington. It will hang in the drawing-room.

(Colynour)

CHARACTER-CHANGE ON HOLIDAY

By SHIRLEY LOWE

I AM about to go on a fortnight's holiday, a holiday during which I know I will go to bed early, get up early, eat enormous breakfasts, go for long walks, and go fishing.

None of those things do I like. In fact they are what I most avoid all the year round. But I enjoy them for that fortnight.

Holidays are great character-changers. Lounge chairs head for the open plains. Bussling golf-baggers sit back and relax. No gooders do good.

Genuine transformations, every one. I asked six well-known people if they ever took themselves by surprise on holiday, and they all said: "Yes, certainly."

HUMPHREY LYTTELTON, who went to Wales for a week.

"I detect hot-potting with people, talking to them in railway carriages, and that sort of thing."

But on holiday I find myself becoming almost a stranger to my own character. I'm not a hot-potter, I'm not a talker, I'm not a railway car passenger."

BARBARA GOLEN, after a month in Majorca.

"The holiday time is the one time I never put on my pearls. Usually I wear them every day and feel completely lost without them. I even wore them when I had my baby."

BENNY HILL, back from two weeks at Paris, his favourite place.

"I spend hours going up and down the Seine in a little boat, and you wouldn't find me going up and down the Thames."



ROCK 'N' ROLL

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Both the Korean and Indo-China settlements owe much to

Menon's talking. But neither was, in fact, a solution.

The principle of "peaceful co-existence," his stock

in trade, cannot offer any solution. What, then, is

the impact of this man on the Suez dispute?

Night after night he set forth from his garbly lounge room in Camden Town and wandered the streets, getting down his corp box wherever the mood struck him.

In his incredibly ancient overcoat and his suit with frayed cuffs, he may have made, at first sight, a pathetic spectacle.

But he captivated his various listeners—ranging from better library services to the wickedness of Hitler—with a fervour and conviction which made his listeners somehow believe he

Menon was there to make a speech wherever there was a crowd on a street corner. Krishna Menon stopped to harangue them.

His two most regular causes were the St Pancras Library system and Indian independence. And he so combined them that the citizens of St Pancras, whom he provided with more books, also became champions of Indian independence.

He might, however, have remained a merely local curiosity, but for one thing.

millions of Indians, who did not even have enough to eat, on the trappings of diplomacy. No doubt Nehru ordered him to do it. But Krishna Menon did not object.

He was certainly a success as High Commissioner.

TROUBLE SHOOTER

EVEN the late King George VI found him a delightful conversationalist and was reported to have enjoyed his visits immensely. The few matters of dispute between the British and Indian governments seemed to melt away before his eloquence.

There is no record of any problems actually having been solved. But nobody seemed very much to press their point after Krishna Menon had talked it to death.

It was, of course, not a very difficult job. The British Government, which had granted India independence, was not in a mood to pick quarrels or even to try to intervene on matters like Kashmir, which were really its moral responsibility since they concerned the partition of India effected by Britain.

Five years later, Krishna Menon was called home to be Nehru's "roving ambassador."

Officially, he is Minister without Portfolio, and draws no salary. Unofficially, he is trouble-shooter-in-chief.

He lives on his expense account and charity. He has no urge for wealth. And he still carries no money in his pocket.

For the last four years he has talked, talked, talked.

Both the Korean settlement and the Indo-China settlement owe much to his efforts. But it is characteristic of both that they are not, in fact, solutions. Krishna Menon and others merely talked so long that the parties to the disputes decided to stand where they were.

THE TECHNIQUE

THE principle of "peaceful co-existence" is, in fact, his sole item of international trade. It never offers any solution. It merely requires that, right or wrong, all parties to any dispute ought to stand their ground.

Little wonder that, in the cold light of day, suffering from the moral hangovers which attend participation at international conferences, both his friends and his enemies should conclude that the much vaunted moral leadership of India does not amount to much.

The Menon technique is all right in cases like Korea and Indo-China, where both parties feel a little gully, and where everyone is beginning to doubt the morality of his position.

But what will happen on a clear-cut issue? Or what will happen in a case like Suez, where both sides really seem to believe that they are absolutely right?

So far his impact on Suez has been nil. You cannot, after all, draw a virtue line through the Suez Canal. This little-known person has won, and this time it looks as though the British brand is

THE MAN WHO LOVES TO TALK by Les Armour

THE success or, if you will, the failure of Krishna Menon is dependent almost entirely on one fact—he loves to talk and he would rather talk than do anything else in the world.

The silent Krishna Menon is a tall, ascetic, sturdily melancholy creature.

But engage him in conversation—conversation on anything—and he immediately melts. A great smile curves around his mouth; his vast, dark eyes begin to gleam.

The man is transformed. He exudes charm. The listener is almost unable to resist the conclusion that whatever is being talked about must be the most important thing in the world, and Krishna Menon has devoted his entire life to mastering every possible aspect of it.

SPELLBOUND

SOMEONE once said that he must be the only man in the world who can make the drainage system of St Pancras sound infinitely more important than the atom bomb and infinitely more interesting than the possibility of winning \$75,000 on the football pools.

That is almost true.

Certainly, in the years between 1934 and 1947, when he was a borough councillor in St Pancras, the shabby, sad-faced area which extends from the heart of London over the northern hill into the slums of Camden Town, he

himself controlled the future of the world.

They listened spellbound, and many voted for him year after year—even after he had split with the official Labour Party.

But few, at the same time, had very much affection for him, and certainly none pitted him. There was an arrogance in his voice and in his words—the arrogance of the intellectual who believes firmly that he knows infinitely more than his audience.

Many, in fact, feared him, and he never became Mayor of St Pancras—mainly because too many people feared he would become a local autocrat. He did not take kindly to opposition.

Certainly, he had and has a mind difficult to match among contemporary politicians.

FIRST LOVE

HIS father was a lawyer in Malabar and he set out to follow in his footsteps. He studied in the Presidency School of Economics and Law at Madras and, after his graduation, worked for a time for a newspaper owned by Mrs Annie Besant, the founder of the Theosophical Movement.

That did not satisfy him for long, however, and he set off for the University of London, where he studied first at the London School of Economics and then at University College.

At the same time, he read for the Bar and won admission.

Politics, however, had become his first love. He was a militant socialist, and he abandoned the prospect of a prosperous legal career in order to devote himself wholly to social politics and to offering legal advice to the poor of Camden Town.

Throughout the time he lived in London, he appears to have existed mostly on charity. He never carried money, with him never bought a new suit, and he lived on a diet of vegetables and labrad.

Back in the days when Nehru was merely one Indian leader among many, Krishna Menon had championed him without question.

He led the India League in London and, through it, influenced the thousands of Indian students who flocked to London. He advised to it that they were home champions of Nehru.

A FORCE

THUS he was really a force in India even though—because of his recurrent feuds with the British Labour party (mainly over his occasional desires to form a united front with the British Communists)—he never got beyond the borough council.

In 1947, when Nehru took over India, Krishna Menon became his country's first High Commissioner to Britain.

His friends and followers gasped—not so much because they were surprised at his sudden elevation as because they were surprised at the way he reacted to it.

He bought a fleet of limousines; a massive house in "Millonario's Row." He stocked the High Commission with costly furniture, rugs and china—all chosen with impeccable taste as though he had never seen the inside of that dingy room in Camden Town.

ARISTOCRAT

HE discarded the old overcoat and the frayed suit and blossomed forth in suits which delighted the eye of the editor of Tailor and Cutter.

Menon the humble prophet had become Menon the aristocrat.

He said that he did not live in the magnificent house he lived in, instead, in one room of the High Commission. He said that he did not dine in the High Commission, he dined in his own home. He said that he did not have a secretary, he had a servant. He said that he did not have a car, he had a bicycle.

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POCKET CARTOON
by OSBERT LANCASTER

"But can't you see, dear lady, that we must at all costs stay in Cyprus in order to retain our firm hold on the Canal!"

Mr Crombie Cashes In On Rock 'n' Roll

TWO elderly women stared fearfully across the staid restaurant as with fork and spoon Tony Crombie executed a drum break around the table. Rattling on chair rail, mustard pot and glasses, he ended with a mellow clang on the wine bottle and exulted: "Never seen business like this. They're all gone crazy."

The business is that hot commodity rock 'n' roll. The crazy customers referred to

• There's no money in highbrow jazz says the drummer who has formed Britain's first "Rock" band. "This is what they want, and from now on it's the law of supply and demand for me."

By KENNETH ALLSOP

are the citizens of Portsmouth, where Bernard Delfont's rock 'n' roll show has started its blitzkrieg on a long list of defenceless British cities.

Crombie himself. His career has suddenly gone explosively commercial. For years he has been deep in the Arctic ice-wastes of cool jazz, almost cut off from the outer world.

Shortly before I had been sitting in the Theatre Royal, while from the stage Tony Crombie and the Rockets blasted the plaster from the walls with such currently popular serenades as "Rock Around The Clock, R-O-C-K Rock," and "Let's You and I Rock." Due, no doubt, to an oversight, "Rock of Ages" had been omitted.

To give the audience the approved cash treatment these were performed by a tenor saxophone honking like a frenzied taxi, amplified electric guitar, a pianist (standing up), a vocalist (tottering), a bass player (thrashing his instrument round the stage), and Mr Crombie attempting to batter his drum set to a parchment pulp.

ECSTASY

The audience responded with hoarse bays of ecstasy and ragged hand-beating. But no rioting.

In a confusion of apprehension and box-office euphoria, manager Sydney Webb pointed out the policeman on unobtrusive guard in the circle, and said to me: "No real trouble so far. But I wouldn't like to say what would happen if it went on a minute longer. They get worked up to a terrific pitch."

At an almost equal pitch of excitement is Tony

NO MORE CULTS

Still vibrating slightly as he ate dinner, he told me: "I've had enough of cults, of people who get all white-faced about jazz, of those pop clubs where it's 'square' to show enthusiasm — you throw everything you've got at them, and they just stare at you deadpan. If you're out of touch with the public you wither and die. An audience is the soil a musician grows in. Now we've got audiences to play to."

For this East-End, who looks like an elongated George Raft, success dreams are coming true. He was born in Potticott Lane in 1925. His parents were poor — "no money at all." But there were a few records and a gramophone around the house, for his mother had been a silent-era cinema pianist and liked jazz. Crombie's cradle lullabies were early Armstrong and Ellington.

At 12 he built himself a drum set from bicycle tires, jam-jars, a wooden box and a chair seat for bass drum. At 14 he was a 42 10s a week warehouse boy — then he got his first band job, in a Soho drinking club at 16.

After that he moved steadily west into the Mayfair night spots, then in the late 40's back to the Leicester Square area and into the developing world of British modern jazz, concert

The music was complicated as calculus. Two receipts were simple addition, being in tiny units of copper and silver.

As he staked himself up with curry for his second rock 'n' roll rumpus of the evening, Crombie spoke his valediction upon that period of experimentation and hand-up idealism: "I had a wonderful modern band — and it lost thousands. Now, for me, it's the law of supply and demand."

"With this rock 'n' roll stuff I'm getting applause. And I love it. I'm getting money at last — the band's drawing 2,400 a week — and I'm loving that too. What am I aiming at? Money. And applause."

First record issue of the Crombie Rockets: "We're Gonna Teach You to Rock" and "Shor'en'n' Bread Rock" from Columbia, October 1.

THESE I LIKED

I LIKE these new records... The Brazilian guitarist Laurindo Almeida (an ex-Kenton soloist) and a Bob Shank group in a graceful, gliding marriage of Latin rhythms and American jazz (Vogue). Further experiments: Britain's Victor Feldman with Kenny Graham's Afro-Cubists in a piquant cocktail of fresh idioms and techniques (Esquire).

And a luxuriant crop of vocalists that honky-tonk hussy the late Ma Rainey yelling "Dead Drunk Blues" and other 30-year-old laments (London). George Melly showing that a Briton can sing the blues — in "Organ Grinder" and others (Decca).

Blues really swinging in the Mike Mulligan band (Verve) and in a mad-hobo song "Waiting For A Train" (Decca). A revived "Love Hymns" (Capitol) and two coloured girls of star stature: Carmen McRae plainly blurring "Never Loved Him Anyhow" (Brunswick) and some ferocious thrills by Dinah Washington in "Love For Sale" and other tracks (Emarcy).

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BOOKS • BOOKS • BOOKS • BOOKS •

ODD TO FIND MR MAUGHAM IN THE BLACK MAGIC SET

By ROBERT PITMAN

IN a Paris cafe the man with the cold eyes and the big white face sat boasting about his all-round form as a sinner, about the monstrous Black Magic rites in which he indulged.

And near by a spruce young man from London looked on, revolted. It was the beginning to a remarkable story. The story of Willie and the Beast.

Willie was Mr W. Somerset Maugham. But not the wise and wrinkled Maugham we know today. The Willie of this story is the dapper young dandy of Edwardian hostesses, a Willie Maugham whose cheeks were pink and smooth, whose upper lip was fringed with rough whiskers.

And the Beast? Well, he was the only genuine self-styled Beast that Britain has ever produced. He was the late Aleister Crowley, the gross Satan-worshipper who claimed to be the Great Beast mentioned in Revelations; who forced his disciples to drink blood; who introduced to a woman, would bestow on her a "serpent kiss" with teeth specially filed for the purpose.

UNLIKELY

Dapper Willie and the Beast — how could this unlikely pair ever come together? Mr Maugham himself explains in a splendid new preface to "THE MAGICIAN," a novel he first wrote nearly 50 years ago. (Heinemann: revised edition — 18s.)

He now tells how in 1907 young Willie Maugham suddenly joined all those bosses. He tired of being a poorly-paid minor clerk. He tired of having his well-worn pyjamas and modest toilet articles sneered at by footmen at fashionable week-ends.

So he packed the pyjamas and toilet articles, got rid of his flat near Victoria Station (to "a middle-aged gentleman who wished to install his mistress in it"), and set off for Paris.

In Paris he contacted a young painter named Gerald Kelly. Together they ate at a restaurant called the White Cat. There



they met Arnold Bennett. And there they met Aleister Crowley. Crowley was still young. But he was already quite a bit of a Beast. Young Willie took an instant dislike to him.

FASCINATED

But he was fascinated too. When he returned to London he instantly wrote "The Magician," its chief character, the evil corrupter Oliver Huddo (based on the evil corrupter Crowley). Its chief theme: how, by magic, Oliver corrupts pure and lovely Margaret, an art-student. It is not what we would expect from Mr Maugham. The book pulses with rich melodrama. It hisses with hints of sin.

How to Get Ahead Making Royal Hats

By Nancy Spain

DON'T tell anyone, but I W.R.N.S. on parade, this am one of those sad was really very embarrassing cases who cannot wear a hat. It actually hurts me.

My hair grows so fast that hats leap from my head, and when I was in the

Yet it is also oddly coy. Each afternoon in Paris Margaret is drawn by magic to the horrible Oliver's flat. But what takes place on those shocking occasions? A kiss. ("She had an immense desire that he should take her again in his arms and press her lips with that red voluptuous mouth.")

Then they marry. And Margaret's corruption is complete. In mixed company, to the burning shame of her father — her decent ex-fiance who still loves her dearly — this once-pure woman actually tells a blue joke.

KILLS HER

In the end, I need hardly say, Oliver kills her. He wants her blood to further his own attempts to produce life, in a horrible, blasphemous breach into the magician's private lab. "This is for once a true masochist," says Margaret. "I was satisfied in all her 'sins' — he cried, uncovering the awful apparatus."

An unendable story today? By no means. A fine succulent slice of ham in the Bram Stoker tradition.

And the other story — the story of Willie and the Beast? Maugham did not see the Beast again after this novel. But years later he received a telegram: "Please send 2/6 at once starring Aleister Crowley." Maugham sent no money. But Crowley did not starve. He died finally at the age of 72. Not in Paris, by the way. At St. Leonards on Sea.

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PLENTIFUL SUPPLY OF GOOD GAMES FOR RUGGER FANS TODAY

By "PAK LO"

For the first Saturday of the season there is a plentiful supply of games on both sides of the harbour, spread over practically all the main grounds with the exception of the Club ground.

There are two games on the Kowloon side on the Army ground in Boundary Street, between 27 Brigade, and HK & K Garrison (Island) starting at 4.15 p.m. and on the Police ground in Boundary Street the Police are at home to the HK & K Garrison (Mainland) at 6.00 p.m.

All the games on the Hong Kong side kick off at the identical time of 5.00 p.m., so that the Kowloon side offers the chance to see two complete games, while it will be impossible to see more than one full match in Hongkong.

The other games are, Club "A" v 48 Brigade on Hoary Valley Club "B" v RAF Island at Shekwan, and Navy v RAF Mainland on the Navy ground at Causeway Bay.

Probably the most interesting game will be the Police and Garrison Mainland encounter, for the Police are at full strength, and have had a much needed influx of new blood, and though they are being extremely coy about it, there is no doubt that the Police are highly optimistic of their chances this season.

They have Johnston once again at the back, and look at scrum half, so that the back division should go well, though their forwards are still a little ragged yet they managed to rack up a 30-0 score against them the other night. HK&K is not a very strong side but such a huge score seems to promise a better chance for the Police. Mainland also have a good team, and the Police should have a hard fight to win.

TRIAL MATCH

Having seen Garrison Island in action against the Club in a trial match the other week, I was not greatly impressed by them. Their forwards are fairly fast but lack cohesion at present, and from reports received of the ability of 27 Brigade the latter must go in with the odds slightly in their favour.

On the Hongkong side I would select the Club "A" and

SPORTING SAN

By Reg. Wootton



JIMMY CARTER SAYS....

New Blood Is Absolutely Necessary To Infuse Life Into Third Division Clubs

By ARCHIE QUICK

The Third Division clubs are to renew the fight for an alteration in the constitution of the two Sections. Or, at least, the Southern Section are going to. Chairman of Reading FC and Chairman of the Section, Mr Jimmy Carter told me that with three exceptions the Southern clubs are in favour of four Sections.

They would each comprise fifteen clubs, making a total of sixty against the present 48. That would allow the admission of twelve new clubs, and Mr Carter said he was of the opinion that this new blood was absolutely necessary to infuse life into the Sections.

"We were let down last summer by the Northern Section clubs," he said. "They had a last minute change of heart and we were staggered. Even the Football League Management Committee wanted a change. The time has come when clubs like Peterborough, Wigan, Boston, Kings Lynn, Huddersfield, Hastings, Kidderminster etc. should be admitted to League status. The present Third Division clubs are heartily sick of seeing the same old clubs year after year. Change and novelty are required if we are to survive."

One club which is thriving—except on the playing pitch—is Southend United. Their Supporters' Club, without being given any representation on the club's Board, are raising an average of £350 a week for the parent body during the winter months. They hold whist drives, dances, sell the programmes and rubber cushions, run sweepstakes etc. but when they get elected to the United's Directorate they were refused.

A GREAT BLOW

Ten matches went by before United registered their first win, and when it came—4-0 against Reading—eight of the eleven players who started the season in the first team were sitting in the grandstand. The departure after so many years as manager of Mr Harry Warren to Coventry City was a great blow to the club, and I understand that Mr Warren is negotiating for two of his old players to follow him to the Midlands.

One sad story I heard at Southend was of the club's old centre-forward Cyril Grant. The former Arsenal and Cardiff City player was not retained at the end of the season. One of his children has gone blind and the other is seriously ill, while Cyril himself has had to turn to brick-laying. He told me his domestic worries were too great for him to be able to concentrate on football and find himself another club.

More goals, bigger crowds. The dismal Jimmy who has been crying out about the "lost" million spectators from League football have had their answer so far this season. Attendances have risen upon last season, and

the reason can be chiefly attributed to the policy of the majority of the clubs of all-out attack for more goals even if it does mean sacrificing something in the process.

In town the other day was the League's now longest-serving Secretary-Manager, Mr Eric Taylor, of Sheffield Wednesday. Gates at Hillsborough this season have averaged 34,500 compared with last season's 26,000. True, Wednesday are in the First Division this season, but last campaign they were fighting a successful promotion battle. Mr Taylor told me he was certain the public would rather see a 5-4 score even against their own side than a goalless draw. "It is a goal that matters in entertainment value," he said.

Comparing this season again with last, 301 First and Second Division games have, at the time of writing, produced 582 goals whereas last season the first 300 matches produced only 512. Third Division scoring has also risen.

Soccer is gradually returning to the simple orthodox methods that built up its original popularity. There is greater hope still for the future, for most of the younger players who are forcing their way to the front are not tied by the hide-bound rules of

Terry O'Connor, On The Olympic Way, Says This Is: Not A Sign Of The Times

I was watching Chris Chataway and Gordon Pirie training when the American sprinter Dave Sime ambled over, cowboy fashion, to the centre of the track.

"God, these boys really give themselves a workout," said Sime, who is currently one of the fastest humans on earth. When an athlete like Sime—he broke or equalled five world records in as many weeks—talks like this it must mean something.

As if excusing the strenuous efforts of our two top box-office athletes I pointed out that the English climate was helpful to middle and long distance running. I hoped he appreciated the warmer climate of his own country was conducive to world-class sprinting.

INTERESTING STUDY

Sime is an interesting study for this column which normally deals with athletes who are competing in Melbourne. He would almost certainly have qualified for the Olympic Games if a leg injury had not pulled him up ten yards out in the American final trials.

He had been injured two weeks previously and commented: "I knew only a miracle would let me run a 100 metres."

It now seems that Sime will never compete in the Olympic Games. In two years time he plans to become a professional baseball player.

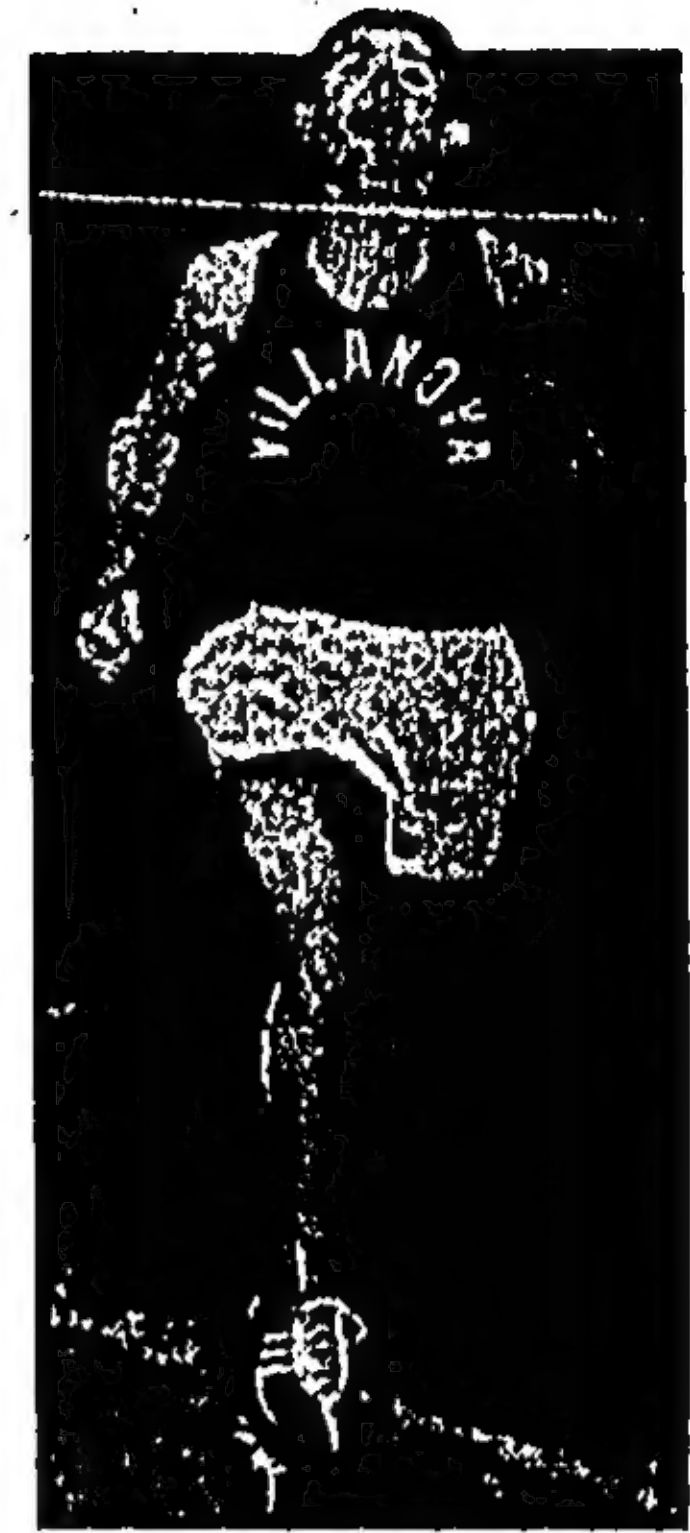
I asked him whether he would have had the same ambition if he had made the American Olympic team. Naturally I was thinking of the new Olympic rule which asks an athlete to swear he has no intention of turning professional.

A CRAZY RULING

"That is a crazy ruling and I don't think any American athletes will sign," Sime told me.

I think this is the right attitude and should be the policy of our own British Olympic Association. Instead, our athletes are being told to sign but at the same time are informed that it means nothing.

I am certain that such a ruling was never in the mind of



Ronan Delaney, four-minute miler, is one of Ireland's Olympic hopes involved in the usual squabble between their associations.

Baron de Coubertin, the founder of the modern Olympics. Even his famous phrase: the important thing is to compete has little link with modern reality.

Olympic football champions Hungary have decided to withdraw because they fear defeat. Now I hear the other finalists at Helsinki, Yugoslavia, might not take part. Yet the British team, chosen from England, will still make their £12,000 trip.

In fairness I must admit they are not the only athletes being sent to Melbourne who have little chance of finishing in their final groups.

Ireland, of course, have their usual troubles. They still have too many associations affiliated to different international organizations.

Most of Ireland's leading athletes such as four-minute miler Ronan Delaney and hurdler Eamon Kinella are affiliated to the Amateur Athletic Union. But it is the NACA who are members of the Olympic council and they are

responsible for raising money to send Ireland's team to Melbourne.

There are many Irishmen who are worried whether the NACA will use money for athletes who belong to a rival association.

NO SUBSTITUTE

What disturbs the Irish even more is that old trouble-spot—Northern Ireland. They have two stars in Belfast who have a chance of winning gold medals—high jumper Thomas Hopkins and flyweight boxer John Caldwell. The difference is that pretty Miss Hopkins will represent Britain, while Caldwell goes as a member of the Irish team.

Whoever said that international sport cements friendship I think Dave Sime crystallised the true thoughts of those who compete in the Olympic Games when he recalled the famous General MacArthur phrase: There is no substitute for victory.

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Table Tennis.
2. Prince Obolensky.
3. Jimmy Seed, who left Charlton Athletic last week.
4. The five rings symbolise the five continents linked by a common allegiance to the Olympic ideals.
5. Six.
6. It should be classed as a "hot" service.
7. Soccer, golf, yachting.
8. Hungary won the soccer championship, and they beat Yugoslavia.
9. (a) J. T. Hearne (b) Mrs. Lambert Chambers, (c) Charles Buchan.
10. Twice. He lost to Drobny in 1954 and to Low Head in this year's final.

Pendulum Swings

In their opening match in the Birmingham Wednesday League last season Sandu FC were beaten 14-1. In their opening match this season they won—14-1.

We've A Hope At Melbourne!

By W. CAPEL KIRBY

Do you get big bright spots before the eyes? If so, you're suffering from Olympic goldmedallitis, curable only by the application of a little common-sense and refusal to swallow some of the syrupy guff being poured out by officials who should know better.

In 1948, and again four years later, I predicted no gold medals for individual British performers.

At Melbourne, I could see Britain coming off the tin stand.

Our only real gold medal hope for 1956 is Irving Brinsford, a Belfast man, who, I regret to say, has been snubbed in a number of other athletic events in favour of concentrating solely on high jumping.

With Australia producing a less even faster than their amazing Olympic title-holder, Harrison Danks, we can forget finding a winner on our runks for the women's sprint.

BREAKDOWNS

British probabilities are unpredictable. There's Independent Gordon Pirie, who shies at being disciplined by officials and has been prone to breakdowns at training such as caused him to be marked absent at the Vancouver Empire Games and the European Championships in Berne two years ago. Then there is a big question mark against cheerful Chris Chataway, although he is a type of fellow who would drop out of the team if he didn't feel equal to the task rather than risk national prestige.

Who, then, are our best gold medal boys? My fancy is for two Yorkshiremen—run-for-fun Derek Ibbotson, a track natural who thought he "had a bit of a kick" breaking the four-minute mile barrier, and our powerful-finisher, Ron Wood, who could do a mile faster any time he wished, but is saving it all up for Melbourne.

PAST THRILLS

Before I became a "gold-medallitis" case, let's face it. Apart from those beloved dumb friends Foxhunter, Nizetella and those other internationally famous horses, not forgetting their brilliant riders, the last time that Britain collected gold medals was in 1936 when Harold Whitlock won the 50 kilometre walk and that speedy quartet of "quarter-milers"—Wolfe, Rumpkin, Roberts and Brown—thrilled us by their 4 x 400 metres relay victory.

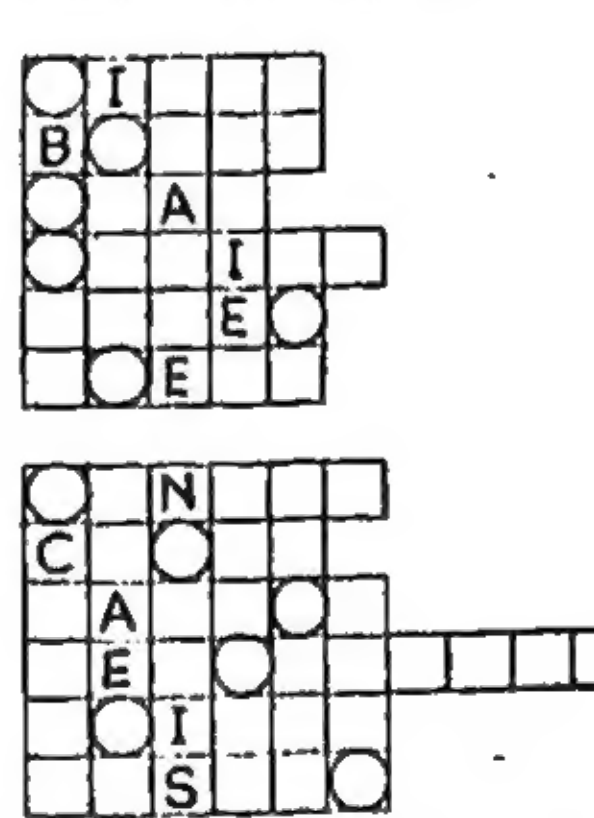


- 1 Thames or Wye
- 2 Draining this
- 3 Such a race?
- 4 Motor
- 5 Strength
- 6 Vapour
- 7 Petrol filler?
- 8 Holds milk
- 9 Wade
- 10 Lets in air
- 11 Such a fire
- 12 Has a rod

Solution on back Page

NAMESAKES

INSTRUCTIONS: Fill in the spaces against each of the clues below with a word related to my life. The letters in circles spell out my name. Who am I?



BE SPECIFIC

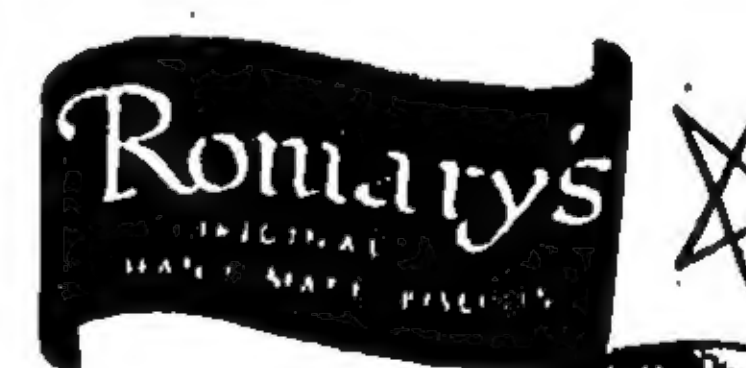
FLY CATHAY PACIFIC



FLIGHTS WEEKLY TO SINGAPORE

THE GAMBOLS

By Barry Appleby



★ DELICIOUS
★ CRISP
★ CRUNCHY

SOLE AGENTS:
SWIRE & MACLAINE LTD.



but there's nothing like a Carlsberg

EXCEPT OF COURSE...another Carlsberg

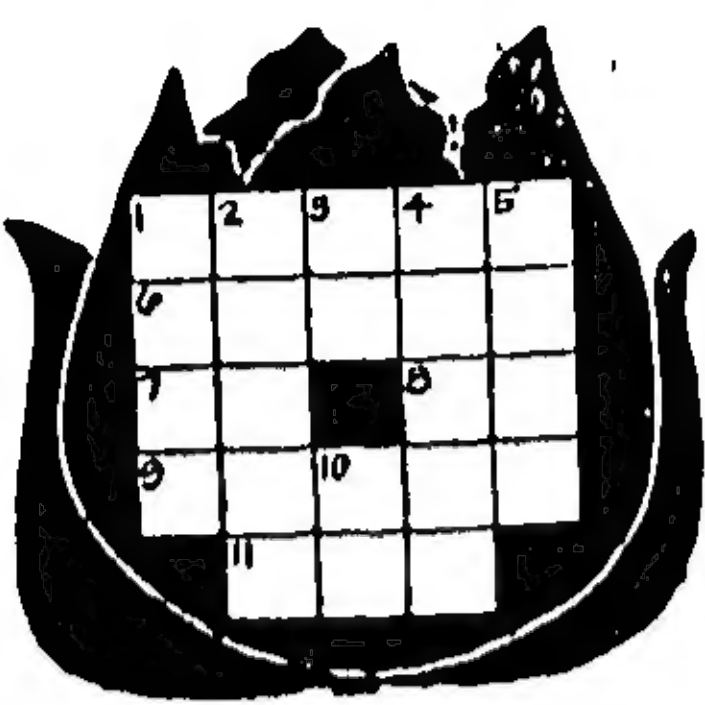
NOW taste the Difference

Sole Agents: THE EAST ASIATIC CO. LTD.

FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD:



- 1 Flower
6 Anoint
7 "Smallest State" (ab.)
8 Musical note
9 Pilot
11 Organ of hearing

DOWN

- 1 Sailors
2 Jobs
3 Left end (ab.)
4 Slicker
5 Fruit
10 Each (ab.)

MIX-UPS

Here are three more flowers. Just rearrange the letters in each strange line to find them. THIN ACHY SIS SUN CAR WART IS AT

HOW TO HAVE FUN AT A PARTY

1. EVERYONE SITS IN A WIDE CIRCLE ON THE FLOOR.



2. BLINDFOLD EVERY OTHER PLAYER.



3. HAND EACH BLINDFOLDED PLAYER A SAUCER... (NOT TOO FULL) OF WATER.



4. TURN ON A RADIO TO A DISK JOCKEY PROGRAM... WHEN A RECORD BEGINS, EVERYONE STARTS PASSING THE SAUCERS... WHEN IT STOPS, THE PLAYERS HOLDING THE SAUCERS HAVE TO RUN A GUN FOR THE OTHERS.



LOOKS WHO

THE MOLE LEMMING HAS SUCH LONG, POWERFUL FRONT TEETH THAT HE USES THESE TO DIG WITH INSTEAD OF HIS CLAWS.



AT BIRTH, A BLACK BEAR CUB WEIGHS FROM 5 TO 12 OUNCES, IS ABOUT 3 INCHES LONG, BLIND AND COVERED WITH A DARK HAIR SO THIN THAT IT IS PRACTICALLY NAKED.



DIAMOND

VIOLETS provide a centre for this week's word diamond. The second word is "a slight taste"; third "rage"; fifth "to iron"; and sixth is an abbreviation for "mountains." Can you finish the diamond from these clues?

V
I
O
L
E
T
S

FLOWER REBUS

By using the words and pictures correctly, you'll have no trouble finding the four flowers hidden here.



HIDDEN FLOWERS

The Puzzlemaster has hidden a flower in each of these sentences. You will find their names forming parts of the words in each.

The new span system was opened to motorists.
They arose at the break of day.
He turned back when the peon yelled to him.

(Solutions on Page 20)

Monaco Stamp With U.S. Flavour

WELL, here he is—the man now crowding into the public eye of every Western country. You know him well. Yes sir, it's President Dwight D. Eisenhower.

As the days wear on towards the U.S. presidential election in November, 95-year-old General Eisenhower symbolizes for America the hope that peace times will continue.

But wait a moment... who is putting out the Eisenhower stamp anyway? America? Not you! The U.S. favours former presidents for postage stamps. No, the interesting country to catch on to is like for Second Term schemes in none other than Monaco—Princess Kelly's kingdom in the south of France. What could be more natural than a set of six stamps with a portrait of the Prince, Prince Rainier, has just married a beautiful American girl.



A TRUE STORY

SPORTSMANSHIP IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

DAVE HOULTON, captain of Washburn High's track team, stood leaning on the long bamboo pole, his eyes glued intently on the lofty crossbar set at nine feet, 10 inches. Dick Morrow, a classmate, spoke encouragingly. "You've got to make it, Dave, or you'll be tied for first with three others. They failed at nine feet eight."

Dave nodded, saying, "Wish me luck." He took three long breaths to gain energy, then sped down the path. Up he went, his legs swinging upward and over the bar. His elbow brushed the cross-piece.

Down came Dave. The bar quivered dangerously and stayed up. He had made it. Another first place, and five more points added to Washburn High's total.

Dick had watched the successful vault with a shade of envy. Dave had also won the high jump.

Dick, with only a third in the mile, had failed to make the coveted second place. It required at least a second place for three points, and he had striven for it ambitiously since his sophomore year.

Dick showed his heartfelt discouragement, but forced a smile as Dave came back to pick up his light sweater.

"How about you, Dick?" Dave asked, a little breathless. "Made your letter yet?"

Dick shook his head in negativity. "I've only one point to my credit," he sighed sadly.

"How do we stand now?" Captain Morrow asked. "Wait and I'll see," Dick looked over to the hand scorer and came back quickly. "We're tied with Stanton at 35 points apiece. Forest High is last with 20. They can't win the meet, so it's between Stanton and us."

Good business for Monaco's post office? Come now, don't let the harsher facts of Monagasque enterprise go spoiling the flavour of romance.

Maybe it's only a coincidence that a never-ceasing flow of new stamps helps Monaco to earn a pretty living. Anyway, a stamp of Eisenhower is as good as any other to issue just now. It earns dollars—as it will do well, as they say, in Monaco if faut profiter de la vie, which you could translate as make hay while the sun shines.

The Eisenhower stamp is perforated 13, engraved, and the set of six costs 15, 8d. in London.—J.A.A.

In this area copper can be obtained in its pure form, without smelting. This saved the Indians a lot of work and they were able to get quantities of the metal they needed.

None of the mines is very deep. The first one discovered goes down only 30 feet.

In the bottom was found a lump of copper weighing nearly six tons. The Mound Builders had raised it on slides of small logs in order to break it more easily. A stone sledge weighing 36 pounds was found beside it as well as a copper sledge weighing 25 pounds.

It is a very long time since these early workmen lived.

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Forest's star miler should win his event.

"You're entered, Dick. You've got a chance to come through. We've got to get at least second to win the meet."

"Right!" Dick answered. "I'll do my best."

"Say," Dave spoke, "as long as I'm an entry in the mile, I guess I'll try, too. I may help a little. At least I can set the pace and worry the Stanton miler."

Then came the megaphone announcement, "Last call for the mile run—last event."

Eight entries took the mark for the mile. The timer's whistle blew and the starter raised his pistol. "Now, on your marks! SET!" The gun barked and eight thin, clad boys sprang forward.

They were closely bunched at the first turn, each man trying for a good position. Two boys stumbled and lost a bit of ground.

Wright, the Forest star miler, sped into the lead. The Stanton miler was close behind. Then came Captain Morrow, followed by Dick in a group of five.

As the runners passed the stands at the quarter mile mark, Wright pulled away to a five-yard lead. Stanton's miler was second.

Then Morrow spurred forward and passed the second runner. Dick followed close at fourth position.

At the half, Dick was close to the Stanton man's elbow. Here he stayed for the third lap. The gun barked, signalling the last lap. Forest High's Wright lengthened his stride. Dick jumped forward into third position.

Then Dave lagged a bit, and Dick came almost abreast of him. With a difficulty, Dave blurted the words, "Go in and get second, Dick—you deserve it."

Dave was going to be content with third, but he had lost his even stride, and the Stanton miler passed him. The finish was too close; he couldn't recover in time to catch up.

Not one of the spectators was aware of this splendid bit of sportsmanship that had been displayed by the Washburn captain.

Dave had sacrificed his chance to add to his total by giving his classmate a break.

A few moments later, Dick came up to his captain, grasped both of his hands and said breathlessly, "Thanks, old boy."

The announcer raised his megaphone and announced the final score. Washburn, 38; Stanton, 35; Forest, 25.

—By DICK MURRAY



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—By DICK MURRAY

WHERE PURE COPPER WAS MINED 1,000 YEARS AGO

AMONG the most amazing sights that greeted the early white explorers of the Mississippi Valley were giant earth mounds built by a civilisation long since forgotten.

These early people, sometimes called "Mound Builders," had skills far in advance of those known to the Indians of the same area when America was "discovered."

In the mounds were found tools and ornaments of pure copper. Scientists had a good idea where the copper came from, but it was not until 1848 that they actually discovered one of the mines. This was in northern Michigan, near Lake Superior.

In this area copper can be obtained in its pure form, without smelting. This saved the Indians a lot of work and they were able to get quantities of the metal they needed.

None of the mines is very deep. The first one discovered goes down only 30 feet.

In the bottom was found a lump of copper weighing nearly six tons. The Mound Builders had raised it on slides of small logs in order to break it more easily. A stone sledge weighing 36 pounds was found beside it as well as a copper sledge weighing 25 pounds.

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ANIMALS LEARN TO LIVE IN PEACE WITH ENEMIES

...And There's A Cat Which Feeds Four Mice

WOULD you like to know about some friendships between animals that are supposed to be natural enemies?

I will tell you about Toby's Old Lady. There has always been an enmity between bears and dogs. But perhaps the world didn't get around, because Toby, forty pounds of spitz and fox terrier dog, and Old Lady, a five-month-old bear cub, became fast friends at their first meeting at the Ypsilanti, Michigan, zoo.

Old man, another bear cub, was inclined to be surly with the dog at first, but recently began exchanging playful nips with Toby.

THE MONKEY JOINS IN

Ypsi, a monkey from India, also joins the romps at times. But she takes most joy in tugging Toby's tail and then leaping out of reach to a nearby pole and making faces at him.

"Most animals will be friendly with man and other animals if they are given half a chance," Jerry Welsh, zoo employee and former forest ranger, asserts.

Over in Russia, in a Moscow zoo, a young woman biologist and animal lover, Vera Chaplina, has been conducting experiments along the line of animal friendships.

One enclosure in the Moscow zoo contained nine bears, eight wolves, thirty foxes and an assortment of raccoons, badgers,



domestic goats and the fierce wild dogs of Australia called "dingoes."

All got along happily without injuring each other.

In another enclosure, Miss Chaplina had an assortment of wolves, badgers, raccoons and foxes, together with one partly grown bear.

In her laboratory was a cat with a family of four young mice. The cat had been feeding them with her own milk and caring for them as though they were kittens.

FRIENDLY LION CUB

In her Moscow apartment, Miss Chaplina had a lion cub which got along perfectly with domestic cats and dogs in the neighbourhood, as well as with the boys and girls.

The secret of such wild animal harmonies, according to Miss Chaplina, is merely to introduce the animals to each other when all are young and to keep them away from older animals which could teach them the supposed animal hatreds.

—By ROY L. WARREN

Lost: One Scarecrow

—He Was Just Having A Fine Time Lying On A Log—

By MAX TRELL

"NOW it's the strangest thing in the world," said Chirpie Sparrow to Knarf and Handi, the shadow children with the turned-about names. He had come to the window sill as usual for his early morning breakfast.

Knarf said: "What's the strangest thing in the world that you're talking about, Chirpie?"

"The thing that isn't there," said Chirpie.

More Mysterious

"This is getting more and more mysterious," said Handi. Finally, by refusing to let Chirpie have any more bread crumbs, they obliged him to explain what he meant.

"Well," said Chirpie, "it's really quite simple even though it is so very mysterious."

"You know the Scarecrow—Jack O'Straw is his name—the one who always stands in the middle of the cornfield?"

Knarf and Handi nodded and said they knew Jack O'Straw quite well.

"I hope nothing's happened to him," said Handi.

"That's just it," said Chirpie. "He's not there any more."

Hearing this, Knarf and Handi let out shouts of dismay. Then they ran to the cornfield to prove to themselves that Jack O'Straw was still there.

Only he wasn't still there. "It's just as I said," said Chirpie. "He's gone away."

Down The Hill

At that instant, a robin came down from the top of a nearby tree. "Chirpie is right," said the Robin. "I just saw Jack O'Straw running down the hill."

So Knarf and Handi ran down the hill while Chirpie



and the Robin flew over their heads.

When they reached the bottom of the hill, they could find no trace of Jack O'Straw, the wandering Scarecrow.

Then a Squirrel came scampering over.

YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29

BORN today, you are one of those assertive, strong-willed and aggressive individuals who usually go out after what they want and get it, come what may. You have many of the qualities for leadership but you do like a lot of activity, excitement and change. You cannot endure to be bored and if things are going too slowly to suit you—then watch out! You are just the one to set a fire under the one who may be employing the delaying tactics. Guard against being too hasty and impulsive in your action. Think a little more carefully before you act and you will avoid making an error that must be corrected later.

You have a rather mercurial temperament—up on the heights one moment, and sinking into the depths the next. Your intuitions are strong—sometimes almost psychic in their intensity. Always follow those hunches and you will come out on the right side of things. Ignore your "feelings" and you will make a mistake.

Since you have tremendous personal magnetism, you are attractive to members of your own and the opposite sex. You make friends quickly and will have a host of admirers. You of the fair sex are apt to be flirtatious and must guard against luring others who may be more seriously involved in the romance than you are yourself. Actually, when you have selected your life partner, you are one to settle down to a life of domestic bliss. You are a good homemaker and enjoy being surrounded by a large family in your pleasant, well-managed home.

Among those born on this date were: Lord Nelson, British admiral; Charles Calvert, statesman; Jesse Hatcher, singer; Thomas P. Hensler, artist; Gene Autry, actor; Billy Bevan, comedian; and David Murray Hoffman, noted jurist.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 30

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Make this a healthfully relaxing day, both for your body and mind. Busy days ahead, so get up now while you can.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—You really need some quiet rest and a little light recreation. Moderate your tempo. A change of pace will be good for you.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—You will find happiness if you mingle with others. Your church or community may offer you participation in a Sunday event.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—This can be a pleasant, friendly day. Early morning devotion comes first. Recreation appropriate to the day.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—You can increase your own popularity by what you do—or don't do—today. Tact and kindness are important.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 21)—Relax tensions, build up your health and get that rest so important to both. You'll be facing a busy week, come Monday.

ARIES (Mar. 22-Apr. 20)—Call upon your best energies today. For something of importance could come up for your consideration.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Romance is in the air for you. You may find that someone whom you had considered only a friend is really a sweetheart.

GEMINI (May 22-June 22)—It is important for you to take care of your health. Don't attempt anything that might put a strain on it today.

CANCER (June 23-July 23)—You may want to pay a visit to someone at a distance whom you haven't seen recently. This could be a good day for it.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Follow your normal Sunday programme of morning devotion, rest and light recreation. Rebuild energies for the future.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—This is one of those pleasantly happy days when everything seems to work out as you hoped it might. Visit friends.

BORN today, you are one of those dreamy, highly impractical souls who want everything good that life has to offer but who are always just a little vague as to how to go about it. In a practical, business-like fashion, you are highly impressionistic and rather easily influenced by the company you are in. You women, especially, are very attracted to members of the so-called "latter" sex who melt at the sight of you and turn to wax in your hands. You are fond of pretty clothes and jewellery and, since you have a pretty face and a good figure, you show them off to fine advantage. You are pleasure-loving and might, occasionally, let the more serious side of your nature show. These days, a beautiful girl doesn't have to play dumb!

You men are to some extent, more definite in knowing what you want and how to go about it. You do have a strong will—and where the feminine sex may use all their wiles and determination to get a pretty, new dress, you menfolk will utilize this same strong will to get ahead in your career. It is likely that you will be lapped in the arts and professions where you can be your own boss, work when and how you want to, and develop your own talents and new, creative ideas. You may find that the stage, screen, radio or television offer you the best expression for your talents.

Although not very business-like in your financial arrangements, you appear to have pretty good luck when it comes to making money. This may be due to your having a good manager, a wise partner, either business or marital—or it may be that as you grow older, you grow wiser in the ways of handling your own affairs.

Among those born on this date were: Euripides, Greek dramatist; Senator Matthew S. Quay and Samuel S. Cox, statesmen; William Wrigley Jr., manufacturer; Lewis Milestone, film director; Nathan Smith, educator; Ellis H. Rogers, financier; Jacob Astor, inventor and manufacturer; and Kenny Baker, actor.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 1

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—A fine beginning to a good week. Sign contracts, write an important business letter and ward your future prospects.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—You may find that a trip taken with a view to settling some important, personal matter, turns out definitely in your favor.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—There is a stimulated activity on your job. A new opportunity to broaden your outlook is in prospect for today.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Personal and business affairs are in fine aspect. Settle something important which has long been pending.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—You are involved in some matter necessitating your signature. This should be a good day to sign.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 21)—One of those days when brainwork counts for a great deal. Protect your personal interests and you find that it pays.

ARIES (Mar. 22-Apr. 20)—Be sure that you put your best foot forward at the office today. Few ideas could mean a promotion for you if accepted.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—New plans, especially those involving the welfare of children, can be successfully put into operation at this time.

GEMINI (May 22-June 22)—You will need tact to handle things today. If you are patient and diplomatic, you can get about anything you want.

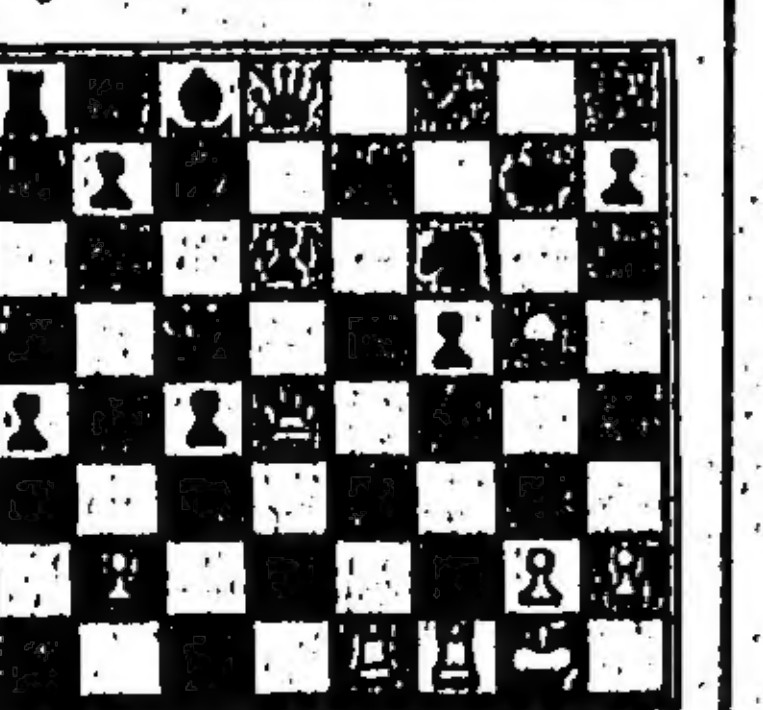
then you can anticipate making good sales today.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Be thoroughly practical in all your schemes and you will find that they work out well today. Sign an important contract.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—If your ambitions are high, then there is no valid reason why you should not attain your goal now. Plan carefully.

CHESS

by LEONARD BARDEN



How did White (Nimrod) win brilliantly here?

Solution to yesterday's problem:

1. BxP, introducing striking new mater.

Colonel UP and Mr. DOWN... by Walter



PARADE A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

CASTLE FOR JUMBO

The day he killed a world's biggest elephant is one Hungarian-born Mr. Joe Penkovsky can never forget.

It started the problem which has taken him nearly a year—and £2,000—to solve.

What do you do with a 13ft.-high elephant when you've shot it?

It was in the Portuguese West African bush that 64-year-old Mr. Penkovsky, business man and big game hunter—with 15 native porters in attendance—made his killing.

How to get the elephant home to Spain?

It took porters eight hours to prepare its skin and bone—weight over two and a half tons. And that took every ounce of skill from every village for 10 miles around.

How to shift the skin to the nearest railroad—250 miles away?

It went by hand, by jeep, by truck. Then into specially made zinc cases.

Eight months later the skin arrived in Madrid.

What to do with it then? Mr. Penkovsky could find only one answer. Put it in an air-cooled cabinet under his home.

Mr. Penkovsky flew to London to meet chiefs of a Pileadilly firm of taxidermists, to find out if they could stuff the elephant for him, and if any British Museum could take the elephant when the job was done.

Back in Madrid Mr. Penkovsky and the director of Washington's Smithsonian Institute spent two weeks examining the elephant.

Then, at last, the decision. "The skin is going to Washington," said Mr. Penkovsky. "They are the only people who can spare the space this elephant deserves—and must have."

"The director of the Institute has promised me: When the job is complete it will startle the public."

TITO Despite Khrushchev's "fire brigade" visit to Belgrade, Tito is near the another really big fight with the Kremlin. Main cause is a

HE AIN'T BUSTER

Crowds of people aiming at the British, which they are not allowed to board, were startled when a frogman emerged suddenly beneath the ship's stern and hauled himself dripping wet on the quay.

The frogman explained his presence: "Anyone who thinks I am Commander Crabbe is blooming well mistaken. I am just looking for scratches in the hull, that's all I am doing," and Able Seaman Bernard Charlton, of the Royal yacht's company made for the gangway.

Police on duty forced the crowds back from the barrier and others surrounded the dripping figure.

How to live longer? Control your appetite, go to college, achieve academic eminence as a professional, live on a farm. A survey shows that there are vital factors but a particularly big help is to have long-lived parents.

Well down the list of idlers—fat labourers who do not marry and who live in highly industrial areas.

ON THE RECORD Mme. Gabrielle Folgot of Is-sur-Tille near Dijon claims a world record for twins. At 48, she has had six sets.

Last week her 12th twin, four-month-old Giles, had M. René Coty, President of the French Republic, as godfather at his christening.

Mme. Folgot had her first twins in 1939. Other twins followed in 1945, 1946, 1951, 1953 and last May. She is the wife of a plumber who has

TURNED A DISHEARTENED FARMHOUSE INTO AN ATTRACTIVE HOME FOR HIS FAMILY OF FIFTEEN CHILDREN

Backed in Milan or making £10 a day out of deplorable babies. Babies are given sleeping pills to make them hang pathetically in their holders' arms.

Their holders? Beggars who ask for and get alms on busy street corners from morning to night.

This week the Lombardy Hotel Proprietors' Association said: "These beggars bring shame to children. They upset foreign tourists."

BY THE WAY

By Beachcomber

THE suggestion that county cricket matches should be played on Sundays has naturally raised the old cry of terror: "The Continental Sunday!"

The Latin countries are, as is well known, hot-beds of Sunday cricket. But it is not clear to me why cricket in the afternoon should prevent people from going to church in the morning. And, in any case, cricket is the religion of vast numbers of the English.

Stormy courtship "Oh, how can you blow that monstrous rain with your rosbud-mouth?" he said.

"I'll give you rosbuds!" she roared in reply. And smashed the trombone on her head.

Moral: A girl's career comes first.

In passing THERE comes a moment in every film when someone says: "I'm gonna kick your teeth in." The other day, at a film, I could feel this moment approaching. To my surprise, someone had thought of a "new angle." The man said: "You've got 32 teeth. How about trying for none?" I wish some script-writer would dig up that glorious line I heard many years ago in a film. A business man said to a girl in evening dress: "You've got the most beautiful back south of the Tropic of Capricorn."

A fuss about nothing A CLOSE examination by bophomologists of the photograph reproduced of field mice in a quarry has revealed that the mice were not field mice but bluebottles. This proves that the photographing of small objects in quarries, from a helicopter, is in what is called its infancy. It has been asked why the helicopter could not have come much lower, to get a better photograph. If it had come any lower, there would have been a point in using a helicopter. As a matter of fact, there was no point in using it, anyhow. Even if the bluebottles had been field-mice they could have been photographed from ground-level with equal facility.

JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Smart Defence Leads Trumps

By OSWALD JACOBY

WHEN dummy has a short side suit and trump length, the defenders usually find it helpful to lead trumps. The idea is to reduce dummy's ruffing power. While leading trumps, however, the defenders must guard against reducing their own ruffing power.

In today's hand, for example, West very properly led a low trump at the second trick. He had won the first trick with the king of spades and could see that dummy threatened to ruff clubs and diamonds.

Declarer naturally played the eight of trumps from dummy at the second trick, and East had to make a key play. The old rule for this situation says "Lead hand high," but East was clever enough to play a low trump instead of the Jack.

Dummy's eight of hearts held the trick, and South continued by cashing the top clubs. When he next led a low club and ruffed with dummy's nine of

NORTH 31			
♠ Q 10 8 5 2			
♥ A 10 9 8			
♦ 8 5			
♣ 7 3			
WEST			
♠ A K J 6			
♥ 7 6 5			
♦ K 10 6			
♣ Q J 8 2			
EAST			
♠ 9 4 3			
♥ J 6 3			
♦ Q J 9 3 2			
♣ A 10 5			
SOUTH (D)			
♠ 7			
♥ K Q 7 4 2			
♦ A 7 4			
♣ A K 6 4			
Both sides vul.			
South	West	North	East
1♥	Double	3♥	Pass
4♥	Pass	Pass	Pass
Opening lead—♠ K			

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HONG KONG & KOWLOON

This Funny World



How'd you make out? I got two colorals and a stupendous

TARGET

HOW many words can you find in the letters of the word 'TARGET'?

Answers: 1. A. H. O. D. U. G. L. (5 letters). 2. T. 3. G. 4. R. 5. A. 6. T. 7. G. 8. E. 9. T. 10. T. 11. T. 12. T. 13. T. 14. T. 15. T. 16. T. 17. T. 18. T. 19. T. 20. T. 21. T. 22. T. 23. T. 24. T. 25. T. 26. T. 27. T. 28. T. 29. T. 30. T. 31. T. 32. T. 33. T. 34. T. 35. T. 36. T. 37. T. 38. T. 39. T. 40. T. 41. T. 42. T. 43. T. 44. T. 45. T. 46. T. 47. T. 48. T. 49. T. 50. T. 51. T. 52. T. 53. T. 54. T. 55. T. 56. T. 57. T. 58. T. 59. T. 60. T. 61. T. 62. T. 63. T. 64. T. 65. T. 66. T. 67. T. 68. T. 69. T. 70. T. 71. T. 72. T. 73. T. 74. T. 75. T. 76. T. 77. T. 78. T. 79. T. 80. T. 81. T. 82. T. 83. T. 84. T. 85. T. 86. T. 87. T. 88. T. 89. T. 90. T. 91. T. 92. T. 93. T. 94. T. 95. T. 96. T. 97. T. 98. T. 99. T. 100. T. 101. T. 102. T. 103. T. 104. T. 105. T. 106. T. 107. T. 108. T. 109. T. 110. T. 111. T. 112. T. 113. T. 114. T. 115. T. 116. T. 117. T. 118. T. 119. T. 120. T. 121. T. 122. T. 123. T. 124. T. 125. T. 126. T. 127. T. 128. T. 129. T. 130. T. 131. T. 132. T. 133. T. 134. T. 135. T. 136. T. 137. T. 138. T. 139. T. 140. T. 141. T. 142. T. 143. T. 144. T. 145. T. 146. T. 147. T. 148. T. 149. T. 150. T. 151. T. 152. T. 153. T. 154. T. 155. T. 156. T. 157. T. 158. T. 159. T. 160. T. 161. T. 162. T. 163. T. 164. T. 165. T. 166. T. 167. T. 168. T. 169. T. 170. T. 171. T. 172. T. 173. T. 174. T. 175. T. 176. T. 177. T. 178. T. 179. T. 180. T. 181. T. 182. T. 183. T. 184. T. 185. T. 186. T. 187. T. 188. T. 189. T. 190. T. 191. T. 192. T. 193. T. 194. T. 195. T. 196. T. 197. T. 198. T. 199. T. 200. T. 201. T. 202. T. 203. T. 204. T. 205. T. 206. T. 207. T. 208. T. 209. T. 210. T. 211. T. 212. T. 213. T. 214. T. 215. T. 216. T. 217. T. 218. T. 219. T. 220. T. 221. T. 222. T. 223. T. 224. T. 225. T. 226. T. 227. T. 228. T. 229. T. 230. T. 231. T. 232. T. 233. T. 234. T. 235. T. 236. T. 237. T. 238. T. 239. T. 240. T. 241. T. 242. T. 243. T. 244. T. 245. T. 246. T. 247. T. 248. T. 249. T. 250. T. 251. T. 252. T. 253. T. 254. T. 255. T. 256. T. 257. T. 258. T. 259. T. 260. T. 261. T. 262. T. 263. T. 264. T. 265. T. 266. T. 267. T. 268. T. 269. T. 270. T. 271. T. 272. T. 273. T. 274. T. 275. T. 276. T. 277. T. 278. T. 279. T. 280. T. 281. T. 282. T. 283. T. 284. T. 285. T. 286. T. 287. T. 288. T. 289. T. 290. T. 291. T. 292. T. 293. T. 294. T. 295. T. 296. T. 297. T. 298. T. 299. T. 300. T. 301. T. 302. T. 303. T. 304. T. 305. T. 306. T. 307. T. 308. T. 309. T. 310. T. 311. T. 312. T. 313. T. 314. T. 315. T. 316. T. 317. T. 318. T. 319. T. 320. T. 321. T. 322. T. 323. T. 324. T. 325. T. 326. T. 327. T. 328. T. 329. T. 330. T. 331. T. 332. T. 333. T. 334. T. 335. T. 336. T. 337. T. 338. T. 339. T. 340. T. 341. T. 342. T. 343. T. 344. T. 345. T. 346. T. 347. T. 348. T. 349. T. 350. T. 351. T. 352. T. 353. T. 354. T. 355. T. 356. T. 357. T. 358. T. 359. T. 360. T. 361. T. 362. T. 363. T. 364. T. 365. T. 366. T. 367. T. 368. T. 369. T. 370. T. 371. T. 372. T. 373. T. 374. T. 375. T. 376. T. 377. T. 378. T. 379. T. 380. T. 381. T. 382. T. 383. T. 384. T. 385. T. 386. T. 387. T. 388. T. 389. T. 390. T. 391. T. 392. T. 393. T. 394. T. 395. T. 396. T. 397. T. 398. T. 399. T. 400. T. 401. T. 402. T. 403. T. 404. T. 405. T. 406. T. 407. T. 408. T. 409. T. 410. T. 411. T. 412. T. 413. T. 414. T. 415. T. 416. T. 417. T. 418. T. 419. T. 420. T. 421. T. 422. T. 423. T. 424. T. 425. T. 426. T. 427. T. 428. T. 429. T. 430. T. 431. T. 432. T. 433. T. 434. T. 435. T. 436. T. 437. T. 438. T. 439. T. 440. T. 441. T. 442. T. 443. T. 444. T. 445. T. 446. T. 447. T. 44

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JOHN CLARKE'S
CASEBOOK

Father's Downfall

A CASE was being heard at the Clerkwell court, when the magistrate's eyes for a moment left the note he was taking of what was being said, and strayed to the public gallery.

The magistrate, Mr. Frank Milton, held up his hand to halt the flow of words from the witness-box. "What," he demanded sharply, "is that child doing in the court?"

Heads were turned, necks craned, and the usher swiftly moved in the direction of the magistrate's gaze, which focused on a tousle-headed boy in the front row of the gallery.

"MY BROTHER"

"PLEASE, sir, it's my brother, sir, and he's 10, sir," piped a pretty girl at the boy's side.

"Are you interested in one of the cases?" the magistrate asked.

"Yes, sir," the girl said, and gave the surname of a man called Harry who, a few minutes earlier, had pleaded guilty to shoplifting. His case had been put back for details of his five previous convictions to be obtained.

"You'd better come through and sit down," said the magistrate.

A way was cleared, and room was made on the witness-bench for Harry's two children.

BORED, SHY

THE boy sat there looking bored, and the girl sat looking shy as the case being heard was disposed of. Then Harry was brought in again.

The faces of the two children tensed. The girl shut her eyes and the boy folded his arms tightly.

Harry, a plump, pleasant-looking man in blue serge, caught sight of his children, and returned his son's enigmatic look with another that said "a little."

A policeman read out the story of Harry's criminal past.

MEAN, PALTRY

HARRY'S crimes had mostly been mean and paltry ones—stealing from a shop, stealing from a fellow.

As the tale was told, Harry's son turned up his face and bused himself with a shoelace that did not attract attention. His daughter, who was 17, looked down at her feet.

This man, the policeman went on, "this was a children, aged from 18 months to 18 years. For the past year he has worked as a van driver, earning £10 a week, but lately he has been off sick, receiving the sick benefit and 32s. 6d. allowance. The two children—they all live at home—each gives 25s. a week for their keep."

"LITTLE SHORT"

THE magistrate looked thoughtful, as if he were wondering how Harry's wife managed her household budget, with 27 1s. a week and nine to feed, the rent to pay and clothes to buy. He turned to Harry.

"You see one of your unfortunate sons and daughters in the court?" he said. Then turning to Harry's daughter asked: "Did you want to speak for him?"

"No, no," she said quickly. Mr. Milton asked Harry what he had to say.

"We've been a little bit short in the family," he said, "was trying to help them. Think of my children, sir, give me a chance."

"It's a pity you didn't think of them—before," said the magistrate. "I'm going to remand you for a week in custody, before deciding what to do with you."

Briskly, Harry marched out to the cells. By another door, his children left, hurrying away with scared, unhappy faces, to carry the news to their home, the news that would mean another adjustment to their mother's budget.

One child was killed and seven injured, some critically, when a World War Two anti-aircraft mine exploded at Kemmerich today—China Mail Special.

CHINA MAIL

Page 20

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1956.

Suez Users Executive Council

FORMATION AFTER CO. INAUGURAL TALKS MONDAY

London, Sept. 28. The planned Suez Canal Users Association (SCUA) will set up its executive council, appoint its senior official—an administrator—and open a banking account, immediately after its inauguration here next Monday, an authoritative British source said here today.

The source said that the meeting was likely to take this step on the opening day of the talks and before the British Foreign Secretary, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, leaves in the evening for the Security Council debate in New York on Friday. Mr. Lloyd, who was chairman of the two significant conferences here, will preside over the opening session of the talks.

British sources said today that firm acceptances have been received from nine other governments and that more are expected.

Britain sent invitations to the conference to all the other 17 governments which backed the plan for international control of the Suez Canal and attended the second Suez conference here earlier this month.

Official acceptances have so far been received from the United States, France, Australia, New Zealand, the Netherlands, Italy, Denmark, Turkey and Portugal. Norway, West Germany and Sweden may also be expected to have accepted.

Governments which have still to reply are: Persia, Pakistan, Japan, Ethiopia and Spain. The Foreign Office spokesman said today that so far no invited governments had refused the conference invitation.

Usually well-armed quarters here said that Britain and France had agreed at the ministerial talks in Paris yesterday to propose a Swedish administrator.

Final agreement on a proposal for membership of the planned seven-nation executive council and for the location of the headquarters of SCUA was not reached in Paris yesterday.

After inauguration, the conference, which is to be on an ambassadorial and technical level, is to decide a criterion for membership of other states not represented at the second Suez conference.

Payments

It may also initiate a study of current methods of paying Suez Canal dues with the aim of discovering what sources of payment are still available to the Egyptian Suez company.

The conference opens next Monday morning at Lancaster House here, scene of the earlier Suez talks.—Reuter.

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Poznan Trial DEFENCE CALLS 3 WITNESSES

Poznan, Sept. 28.

Attorneys defending three youths charged with murdering a Polish security officer during last June's riots in Poznan tonight asked the court to hear three new witnesses.

The defence made the plea tonight after the Poznan court had completed hearing the testimony of all the witnesses originally called by the prosecution and the defence.

Most of the evidence given during the last two days was unfavourable to the three defendants.

The prosecuting attorney said he could see no use in prolonging the trial, but he would accept the decision of the court, which is to be given tomorrow.

It was generally expected that the trial of the three youths would end in one or two days, unless new witnesses were heard.—France-Press.

Ceylon Cuts Olympic Entries

Colombo, Sept. 28.

The Suez crisis will force Ceylon to cut the size of her Olympic team from eleven to six or seven, officials said today.

Ceylon had funds to send 11 athletes, and booked passages for them on the later Orontes. Now, due to the Suez crisis, the Orontes will not call at Colombo, so the team will have to go by air, a more expensive route.

The Ceylon Olympic Committee will meet on October 1 to choose the six or seven who can be sent to Melbourne, and the athletes will arrive in Australia about a month before the games start.—United Press

German Conscription Period Alarms Atlantic Alliance

Paris, Sept. 28.

The 15-nation North Atlantic Council met in special session today to discuss the West German Government's decision to limit their period of conscription to 12 months.

A NATO statement said the Council had been called as a matter of urgency. The Council was concerned at the effects the decision might have on West Germany's ability to meet its accepted commitments and on the military effectiveness of the alliance as a whole.

Raise Content

The statement said the German representative emphasised the determination of his government to meet its accepted commitments of forces to NATO both as to quantity and to quality.

He said that in order to compensate for the 12 months conscription period his government intended among other things to raise the regular content of its military forces from 230,000 to 380,000.

The Paris agreements under which Germany got back sovereignty provide for West German forces of 500,000 men. The statement said that despite the German assurances the Council "remained disturbed at the possible consequences" of the German move on limiting conscription and asked the German representative to inform his government immediately of this concern.—Reuter.

Boys and Girls Page SOLUTIONS:

CROSSWORD:

DOWN: 1. HYPOTHESIS; 2. NARCISUS; 3. WINTER; 4. DIAMOND; 5. V; 6. SIP; 7. STORM; 8. WHISKY; 9. PINE; 10. M; 11. E.

ACROSS: 1. FLOWER; 2. REDUCE; 3. PANG; 4. SMOKE; 5. CLOVER; 6. ABANDON; 7. KIDNEY; 8. FLOWERS; 9. KIDNEY; 10. FLOWERS; 11. KIDNEY; 12. FLOWERS; 13. KIDNEY; 14. FLOWERS; 15. KIDNEY; 16. FLOWERS; 17. KIDNEY; 18. FLOWERS; 19. KIDNEY; 20. FLOWERS; 21. KIDNEY; 22. FLOWERS; 23. KIDNEY; 24. FLOWERS; 25. KIDNEY; 26. FLOWERS; 27. KIDNEY; 28. FLOWERS; 29. KIDNEY; 30. FLOWERS; 31. KIDNEY; 32. FLOWERS; 33. KIDNEY; 34. FLOWERS; 35. KIDNEY; 36. FLOWERS; 37. KIDNEY; 38. FLOWERS; 39. KIDNEY; 40. FLOWERS; 41. KIDNEY; 42. FLOWERS; 43. KIDNEY; 44. FLOWERS; 45. KIDNEY; 46. FLOWERS; 47. KIDNEY; 48. FLOWERS; 49. KIDNEY; 50. FLOWERS; 51. KIDNEY; 52. FLOWERS; 53. KIDNEY; 54. FLOWERS; 55. KIDNEY; 56. FLOWERS; 57. KIDNEY; 58. FLOWERS; 59. KIDNEY; 60. FLOWERS; 61. KIDNEY; 62. FLOWERS; 63. KIDNEY; 64. FLOWERS; 65. KIDNEY; 66. FLOWERS; 67. KIDNEY; 68. FLOWERS; 69. KIDNEY; 70. FLOWERS; 71. KIDNEY; 72. FLOWERS; 73. KIDNEY; 74. FLOWERS; 75. KIDNEY; 76. FLOWERS; 77. KIDNEY; 78. FLOWERS; 79. KIDNEY; 80. FLOWERS; 81. 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